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Choice Poetry.

THE MINER'S DREAM.

I lie, all cold and lonely,
Beneath a tree at night,
When the stars are shining only
And the glow-worm gives his light;
I sleep where the tall trees quiver,
And my restless memories roam
Away from the golden river,
To my childhood's happy home!

The golden dream is fleeting
Away from my troubled sight,
And my heart with hope is beating,
As I see the cottage light;
My father's cot before me,
Where in bygone hours I dwelt,
Ere the clouds of life came o'er me,
When no pain my bosom felt.

I see my mother smiling,
With a faint, uneasy mirth,
And my father's hands are piling
The faggots on the hearth;
And they whisper ever lowly,
And I think I hear my name—
It was breathed in accents lowly,
And a tear-drop with it came!

The golden sands are gleaming
In the ruddy light of dawn,
The golden sun is beaming,
And my nightly dream is gone;
But ever and forever
In my dreams my wild thoughts roam
Away from the golden river,
To my childhood's happy home!

Carpet-Bag.

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER II.

CLIFTON AND THE BEAUTIES.

"Against the cliffs
See'st thou not where the mansion stands? The moonbeam
Strikes on the granite columns, and tall trees
Group shadowy round it. *Anonymous.*

A most portentous trial waits thee now—
Woman's bright eyes and dazzling snowy brow.
Moore.

The torrents had been so terribly swollen and overflowed, and the roads so dreadfully washed and guttered by the tempest and flood of the preceding evening, that the travellers found the greatest difficulty in pursuing their journey, often having to turn back miles on this road to take another way, and often being obliged to search leagues up and down the course of a river, to find a practicable ford.

Therefore it was near night-fall when they crossed the last range of forest-crowned mountains, and descended into the wooded valley that lay between them and White Cliffs. A winding road through the woods brought them to the house. The full moon was rising East of the cliffs, and casting their shadow back across the house and lawn. The mansion was a lofty edifice of white stone, with terraced roof, and many irregular, projecting wings. The tall trees surrounding the buildings, the lofty cliffs rising behind them, the dark shadow falling on all; the hour, the silence, and the solitude, gave an air of refreshing coolness and deep repose to the scene. On turning an angle of the building, they saw the drawing-room windows open, and the light from them gleaming out cheerfully across that part of the lawn. At that moment a servant, waiting at the hall door, came down to take their horses.

"All well at home, Dandy?" inquired Captain Clifton, as he dismounted, and threw him the reins.

"Sarvint, sir! All very well," replied the man, touching his hat.

Captain Clifton led the way up into the hall adjoining the drawing-room, where they were met by an old gentleman, who seized both of Clifton's hands, and shook them slowly and cordially, as he said, dropping each word separately, with a hearty, luscious emphasis,

"Why—my—dear—boy—how glad I am—to see you!"

"And I am very happy to be with you, sir; and to find you looking so well. Allow me to introduce to your acquaintance—Lieutenant Fairfax, of my company," said Captain Clifton, presenting his friend.

"Glad to see him! Glad to see Mr. Fairfax! Glad to welcome any friend of my nephew's to Clifton. How do you do, sir? Knew your relative, Lord Fairfax, of Greenway Courthouse. Excessively fond of hunting. Kept bachelor's hall. Very great mistake that—very! Hope you won't follow his example! Fine man, however, and I honor his memory! Come in, sir! come in! Come in, Archy! My—dear—boy,—I'm—so—del—*ighted* to see you!"

Whenever he spoke to his nephew, he seemed to dwell upon each separate syllable with a cordiality impossible to describe.

He was a large, old gentleman, clothed in a fresh, fragrant suit of pale blue linen, with his hair as white as cotton, his fresh, rosy complexion, fine teeth, and clear, kind, blue eyes, making a most refreshing picture of simplicity, cheerfulness, and cleanliness of soul and body in old age. He was of a sanguine temperament, and under great provocation, could get into a passion, too. And what old father of a family, with two grown daughters, and a young wife, all under eighteen years of age, and all beauties, has *not* enough combustible material to burn the house down, or set his own temper on fire?—yet such was the kindness of his heart, that even when in violent anger, stamping up and down the floor, grasping desperately at his own white temple locks with both hands, and vociferating in stentorian tones,—it was all, as Frank afterwards said, *shooting with blank cartridges*—he never said a word, or did a thing, to wound a single soul.

"I trust the ladies are all well, sir," said Captain Clifton, as he followed his uncle.

"Yes—yes—that is to say, *Carry* is well, but not well *pleased*. She expected you yesterday—didn't consider the storm any excuse for your absence. Ah! you dog—you sad dog—at your age would *I* have kept a lady waiting? Nay, would I do it *now*? But come, shall I present you to the ladies now, or do you prefer first the refreshment of the bath, and a change of dress? Your own and your friends' baggage arrived this morning by the wagon, and has been conveyed to your rooms."

"Oh, a change of dress, by all means!" suggested Frank.

"Dandy—DANDY!" exclaimed the old gentleman, raising his strong voice, till the servant appeared. "Show Mr. Fairfax to General Washington's room."

General Washington had slept one night at Clifton, and from that time to this, the room he occupied has been "General Washington's room."

The servant conducted Mr. Fairfax up stairs. And then the old gentleman, turning to his nephew, took his hands again, and said,

"My dear boy, once more I must say, I'm—so—*glad*—to—see you! *You* are at home, you know. So go and find your room, and ring and give your orders, *my son*, for you are so. And I will go and let the ladies know that you have come, though I dare say they know it already."

And shaking his hands, he let them go and turned slowly away.

Half-an-hour sufficed the young gentlemen to make themselves presentable. At the end of which time they descended the stairs, and were met in the hall by old Mr. Clifton, who ushered them into the drawing-room.

This apartment was a most delightful Summer room. It was very spacious, occupying the whole first floor of one of those irregular wings of the house. The ceiling was lofty, the walls were covered with pearl white paper, and the floor of white oak was waxed and polished to an ivory smoothness. On three sides were tall windows, reaching to the floor, and opening out upon the piazza or the lawn, and draped with snowy, flowing curtains. On the fourth side was the open fire-place, whitened inside, and having on its marble hearth an alabaster vase of lilies, whose fragrance filled the air. The walls were adorned with tall mirrors, and with choice paintings, all of a cool, refrigerating character, such as: An Alpine Scene, A Green Forest Glade, with Deer Reposing, A Mountain Lake, A Shaded Pond, with Cows, A Farm Yard in a Snow Storm, etc. A piano stood at the farthest end of the room. A harp reclined near it. A few marble-topped stands and tables, scattered over with rare prints, books, *virtu*, *bijouterie*, etc., stood at convenient distances. A lady's elegant work-table, with its costly trifles, was a pleasing feature in the room. Sofas, ottomans, divans, and lounging chairs, "fitted to a wish for study or repose" were everywhere at hand.

Through the open windows came the evening wind, laden with the fragrance of flowers, the murmur of falling waters, the whisper of leaves, and the cherry chirp of insects—those night songsters who begin when the birds go to sleep—nature's vesper choir. While *from* the open windows could be darkly seen the tall shadowy trees, the towering white cliffs, and, in the distance, a bend of that great river which took its rise here, and which there sleeping among the dark green hills, with the moon shining full upon it, seemed a resplendent mountain lake, flashing back the moonbeams from its bosom in rays of dazzling light. The whole effect of the room and the scene was delightfully cooling and refreshing.

When Mr. Clifton conducted his guests into this saloon, it was occupied by three young ladies, who, immediately on their entrance, arose to receive them; and whom, in presenting his visitors, Mr. Clifton severally named as, My wife, Mrs. Clifton,—my daughter, Miss Clifton, and my second daughter, Zuleime.—Captain Clifton, in turn, saluted his aunt and cousins. Miss Clifton, his betrothed, received him with cool [illegible]

So, these were the beauties—and beautiful, passing beautiful, they were indeed, though differing from each other in beauty, as "one star differs from another in glory." But let me describe them.

Carolyn Clifton is tall and elegantly proportioned, and moves with high-bred dignity. Her features are Grecian—her complexion is dazzlingly fair, save when the pure rich blood mantles in her cheek, and crimsons the short and scornful lip. Her eyes are blue, and half-veiled by their fair lashes, as in disdain of aught that might seek their glance. Her fair hair is carried up from her forehead, and falls in bright tendril-like curls around the back of her neck, lending an intellectual and queenly grace to the proud head. The costume of that day closely resembled the prevailing mode of our own. Miss Clifton wore a dress of pale blue silk, made low in the neck, with a long-waisted stomacher, tight sleeves reaching to the elbows, and ample flowing skirt. The neck was trimmed with a fall of deep lace, then called a "tucker," and answering to the present *berthé*. The tight half-sleeves were trimmed at the elbows by deep lace ruffles, shading the arm. A necklace of large strung pearls around her throat, a bracelet of the same on her arm, and a pearl-headed pin run through the Grecian knot of ringlets at the back of her head, completed her toilet. She carried in her hand and toyed carelessly with a beautiful fan of marabout feathers. She was the daughter of the *first* Mrs. Clifton, of Clifton, a fair, proud Maryland lady, one of the haughty Gowers, who lived long enough to augment by precept and example, the double portion of family arrogance Carolyn Clifton had inherited from both sides of her house. Miss Clifton had "received her education" at a first-class "Ladies' Institute" at Richmond.

Zuleime, the younger sister, was about fourteen years of age, but well grown and full-formed for her years. She was the daughter of the second Mrs. Clifton, a beautiful West Indian Creole, who died in giving her life. She had the snowy skin and damask cheek of her father's fair race, and the glittering black hair and sparkling black eyes of her Creole mother. Her dress was of plain white muslin, with short sleeves and low neck, and coral neck-lace, which well-set off the exceeding brilliancy of her complexion. Zuleime was home for the mid-summer holidays.

Mrs. Clifton, of Clifton, Georgia!

"Yes, she is indeed the most beautiful woman in the whole world," exclaimed Fairfax, to himself, as he turned from the fair and dignified Carolyn—the brilliant and sparkling Zuleime to the dark and graceful Georgia. She is of medium height. Her complexion is a rich, dark, uniform olive, her very cheeks being of the same hue, but so transparent clear, that that which would mar the perfection of another face, adds deeper beauty to hers. Yes! the delicate bloom of the fair Carolyn, and the bright damask blush of the brilliant Zuleime, seem common-place beside the perfect beauty of the pure, clear olive cheek of the dark Georgia. Her hair is intensely black, with depths under depths of darkness, lurking in the labyrinths of irregular curls that cluster around, and throw so deep a shadow over her witching face. Her eyebrows are black and arched. Her eyelashes are long, black, and drooping. Her eyes are—pause—I have been trying to think of something to which her wondrous eyes may compared, for darkness, profundity and power. Midnight? No, her eyes are darker, stiller, and more solemn yet. Thunder clouds? No, for her eyes are more stormy and impending still—and their electric stroke is silent as it is fatal. In short, her eyes resemble nothing but themselves. Her dress is of black gauze, over black silk, made high to veil her neck, and finished with a narrow black lace, within which gleams around her throat a necklace of jet and gold. She wears no other jewelry. A large black lace mantilla is carelessly thrown over all. When she moves her every movement is undulating grace—her motion might be set to music. And when she sits still she is *so* still, and dark, and beautiful—*and something else, besides*, that the gazer experiences something like the fascination and terror one feels in looking down the depths of a dark chasm.

She was the daughter of a portrait painter in Richmond, and this was what Captain Archer Clifton, in his arrogance, called humble parentage. Mr. Clifton had met her under the following circumstances: On finally withdrawing his eldest daughter from school, he wished, before carrying her home, to have her portrait taken, and went for that purpose to the studio of Mr. Fuller, portrait and miniature painter, where he chanced to see her for the first time, the artist's beautiful child, Georgia. He took so strong a fancy to this bewitching creature, that he delayed his departure—prolonging his stay in the city for three weeks, at the end of which, besides, the accomplished Miss Clifton, with her elegant wardrobe, splendid jewels, costly presents, and finished portrait—he took home the artist's daughter as the fourth Mrs. Clifton, of Clifton, much to the indignation of the haughty Carolyn, who never ceased to treat her beautiful young step-mother with scorn and contempt.

Supper was announced, and the old gentleman, rising, requested his nephew to lead in his wife, while he, himself, took the arm of his eldest daughter, and left Zuleime to Mr. Fairfax. They crossed the hall and entered a large and pleasant dining-room, where stood an elegant table, laid with a damask table-cloth, set out with silver plate, and Sevres' porcelain, and laden "with all the luxuries of the season." Waiters of perfect dress and *address* were in attendance.

"I assure you, Miss Zuleime, that contrast is all the seasoning of existence—and *this* is a high seasoning. For yesterday we sat down to eat supper off of pewter plates, on a bare board, in a mean hut, in company with rude mountaineers, and to-night we sit at the elegant tea-table of Clifton, surrounded with beautiful, refined, and accomplished ladies," said Frank, as he handed his lively companion into her chair, and took the seat by her side.

The sprightly Zuleime laughed, and said she doubted whether he would find more substantial or savory fare here than he got at the mountain-hut.

After all were seated, and all served, the conversation became general and vivacious—old Mr. Clifton being evidently "the life of the company." He chatted, jested, laughed, told anecdotes, and finally, inspired Frank, who gave a laughable description of their adventures on the Alleghanies; of being upset in the stage-coach, and pitched into Wolf's Link; of being lost in the fog, and near going down the Devil's Staircase; finally, of being caught in the tempest, and shut up in a mountain-hut with a raving maniac. At this the old gentleman began to rally his proud daughter on her gratuitous ill humor of the preceding evening, at the said delay, and then to scold the young men for their effeminacy and want of gallantry, courage, in suffering themselves to be deluged by the storm. Now, to be charged, all at once, with effeminacy, and want of gallantry, and courage, even in jest, was too much, and in Frank's case, too near the truth to go without reply. So he began vehemently to clear his fame, assuring the assembled company that it was *not* altogether effeminacy, for that they had been hospitably sheltered in the cabin of a beautiful shepherdess.

"Yes," said Frank, maliciously, "*so* beautiful that *Clifton* there couldn't keep his eyes off her, and while I sat and played checkers with her brother, he sat and studied her face, 'and it were a book'—*for hours*. I wish you had seen him, Miss Clifton—

> "'Never gazed the moon
> [illegible]

Fact, my dear lady, and I should be guilty of misprision of treason, to conceal it!" laughed Frank, shaking his head at his friend.

"Ah-h-h! H-a-a-h!—are you *there*, my fine fellow!" chuckled the old gentleman, gleefully rubbing his hands, and pointing his finger at his nephew, greatly enjoying his discomfiture.

"I assure you, sir," began Captain Clifton, gravely.

"Oh! don't assure *me*! don't assure *me*! Assure Carolyn! What d'ye think o' that, Carolyn? What d'ye think o' that? More cause for ill-humor last night, than ye thought, eh! What think o' that?" he continued, mercilessly.

And Carolyn—

> "Oh, what a deal of scorn looked beautiful
> In the contempt and anger of her lip!"

There are some women who cannot bear jest upon such subjects—who cannot tolerate that their lovers should look with common curiosity—far less gaze with interest or admiration "for hours," upon any other young female face. And such a woman was Carolyn Gower Clifton. Captain Clifton knew this, and adoring her above all things, silently wished Frank and the mountain girl both at the bottom of the Devil's Staircase.

The old gentleman chatted and laughed; Frank jested and blundered; the sprightly Zuleime sparkled and overflowed with fun and frolic, and the meal went on merrily, notwithstanding.

When supper was over they adjourned to the airy summer drawing-room, where they distributed themselves according to their several humors. Miss Clifton passed imperiously down the room, and took her seat upon a distant divan. Captain Clifton followed, with a troubled air, and sat down on the low ottoman at her feet. They doubtless thought—if they thought at all—that they were in a very obscure nook. But Frank had the impertinence to see them. There sat the haughty and scornful girl, with chin erect, lip curled, and eyelids cast down in disdain upon her suppliant. And there sat Archer Clifton, with his high, proud face turned up to hers, with an earnest, pleading, passionate gaze!

"Now, by the venom of Cupid's shaft!" exclaimed Frank, to himself, "I cannot see what Clifton finds to worship in that arrogant girl. If it were this bright, warm Zuleime, here, now! But *her*! I might really suspect *him* of being a fortune-hunter, and *her* of being an heiress, if I didn't know that Archer Clifton is himself the heir of the entailed estate of Clifton, and that if his uncle were to die to night, he might, if he pleased, turn all these penniless women out of the house to-morrow! Can't understand it, for my life! But I suppose the bond of sympathy between them is their name and their pride!"

"Do you find talking to yourself a very amusing pastime, Mr. Fairfax," asked Zuleime, touching him on the elbow.

"No, my dear, delightful little girl, I don't. What a delightful thing, in a country house, is a beautiful girl of fourteen, home for the holidays—a black-eyed, red-lipped girl, in a white muslin gown and a coral necklace!"

"Are your soliloquies as good natured as your conversation, Mr. Fairfax," inquired the laughing Zuleime.

"Not quite, I'm afraid, my dear."

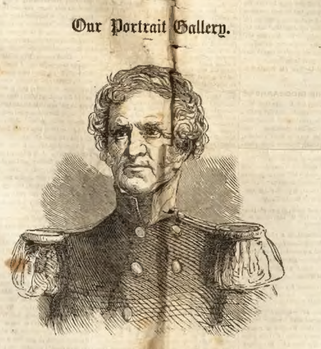
"Do you know how to play chess, Mr. Fairfax?" she asked, opening the chess-board.

"I know how to play *anything* you wish me to play, my love—even the fool!"

"*Oh!* the latter is not so rare or difficult an accomplishment," laughed the maiden, taking her seat, and beginning to arrange the chessmen. Frank sat down, and they commenced the game in earnest.

All this time the old gentleman, with his white head and rosy face, and kind smile and glance, had been walking leisurely up and down the floor slowly, rubbing his hands with an air of great enjoyment—pausing now by the work-table at which sat his beautiful wife, and gazing on her fondly while he toyed with the elegant trifles of her work-box—then sauntering off towards the chess-table, and patting the head of his "little black-headed darling"—as he called Zuleime—or passing a jest with Frank as he overlooked the game—until the boy came from the post-office somewhat late; when taking the paper he went and ensconced himself in an easy-chair on the opposite side of his wife's work-table, and was soon busied in the perusal of the debate on Mr. Jefferson's bill for cutting off entails. Frank felt very much pleased that the old boy, as he mentally called him, was quieted at last, and that he himself had at length an opportunity of initiating his charming companion into the mysteries of flirtation, while she imparted to him the secrets of chess.

Our Portrait Gallery.



GENERAL SCOTT.

We published in our last a likeness of Gen. Pierce, and this week present a portrait of the Whig candidate for the Presidency, from a late Daguerreotype, which gives, we think, a good idea of "Old Chippewa's" countenance.

The room was now very quiet. And Frank was soon deeply immersed in his game. Yes—the room was very quiet, it seemed the sanctuary of domestic love and happiness! At one extremity sat the betrothed lovers, conversing in a low tone, softer than the hum of far off bees. At the other extremity sat the graceful [illegible] wife, placidly pursuing her quiet work, and seeming more like the darling spoiled child of the old man, her husband, who sat reading by her side, and whose kind eyes often wandered from the paper [illegible] Frank and his [illegible] in their chess to notice the happy lovers, or to observe the quiet contentment of the old man with his beautiful darling. Yes, this room seemed a temple of domestic truth and trust—of family peace and joy. At least so thought Frank, until raising his eyes from his game, his glance chanced to fall for an instant upon the face of Mrs. Clifton.

It might have been the darkness of her surroundings which threw into such strong relief that fearful countenance, for the black dress and flowing black mantilla veiled all her form, while the clustering deep black curls darkly shaded her face. Her form was turned from the table and bent over the arm of the chair—her bosom was heaving, her lips apart and humid, her nostrils slightly distended, and her eyes, those dreadful eyes, fixed with a passionate, fierce, devouring gaze upon some distant object.

Frank impulsively followed the direction of that consuming gaze, to where the betrothed lovers sat fully reconciled. Clifton, unconscious of all eyes, but those blue orbs that smiled so graciously upon him, was pressing Carolyn's hand to his lips in an ecstacy of love and gratitude. Frank turned again to Mrs. Clifton. Her countenance had changed as by the passage of a thunder cloud. Her bosom was still as death. Her brow and cheek was darkened, her teeth and lips clenched together, her eyes fixed upon the lovers with the baleful glare of a demon. If the head of the fabled Medusa had suddenly met his astonished gaze, he could not have felt a deeper thrill of horror. And yet it was only a look—the look of an instant—it came and went like the swift swooping past of a fiend's wing—but the shadow on all things seemed to remain. No more did that room seem the blessed retreat of household faith and love—no! a deadly serpent lay coiled among its flowers—a deadly poison lurked in its cup of joy—the shadow of a demon's wing was brooding in the air—the house was CURSED!

Frank was of a highly honorable nature, but nervous and impressible—he could no longer confine his attention to the game; he misplayed awkwardly—ridiculously. Zuleime laughed at him—and her silver laughter struck almost unpleasantly upon his ear. He lost the game, and finally, complimenting his young antagonist upon the excellence of her own play—an excellence which he admitted he had not fully brought out—Frank arose from the table and sauntered out into the piazza, exclaiming inwardly—"Ugh! I believe in Satan, since I've seen that woman! Ugh! Whe-ew! Every time I think of her I shall feel hot and smell brimstone!" I said that Frank was of an extremely impressible nature. He stood now upon the piazza at the back of the house, and the majestic crescent of cliffs was before him. The quiet of the night, the freshness of the dew, the coolness of the breeze, the beauty and sublimity of the mountains rising from their girdle of forest, with their peaks bathed in moonlight—the distant glimpse of the bend in the river, where it lay like a silver lake among the hills—the divine peace and holiness of nature fell soothingly, refreshingly upon his excited nerves. And after sauntering up and down the piazza for some twenty minutes, he returned to the parlor in a happier mood. There he found the family grouped around the table on which sat a silver basket of pine-apples, with cut-glass plates, and silver fruit knives and napkins.

"Come, Mr. Fairfax, my dear fellow, we are waiting for you," said the old gentleman, beckoning him.

Frank joined them at the table, and after this repast was over, the family separated and retired to bed.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. CLIFTON, OF HARDBARGAIN.

She is a lady of confirmed honor, of an unmatchable spirit, and determinate in all virtuous resolutions; not hasty to anticipate affront, nor slow to feel where just provocation is given. *Charles Lamb.*

Clifton by the morning sunlight! Oh! that I could show it to you as Fairfax saw it from the balcony of his chamber on the morning after his arrival! The whole face of the country was very high, yet even this elevated land was broken into hills and vallies, rocks and glens.—Behind the house arose the white cliffs so often mentioned, shutting out the Northern view, but before the house lay the valley in which the plantation was situated, and around that, East, West and South, stretched a magnificent panorama, ridge beyond ridge of mountains, covered with gigantic forests, clothed with the richest verdure, rolling on until they gradually faded away in the distance, their forms lost among the clouds of the horizon. It seemed a vast, boundless ocean of greenery, of which the vales and mountains were the stupendous waves, charmed to sleep.

It was a magnificent solitude. Not a human dwelling to be seen. The planter's mansions—if there were any in the neighborhood, were low in the vales, and hidden from sight. The mountain torrent, as it came leaping down the side of the cliff, running through the wooded lawn, losing itself in the forest vale, and reappearing as a mountain lake among the distant hills, was a beautiful feature [illegible] scene. The deep, intense blue of the [illegible] splendor of the [illegible], the joyous songs of birds, gladdened all the scene, and put to flight Frank's blue devils long before Dandy called him to breakfast.

The breakfast-table was set in the lawn under the shadow of the pine elms.

The old gentleman, in his suit of cool white linen—the sisters in neat morning dresses of white cambric, and the dark Georgia, in her usual dress of black, were assembled on the piazza. They greeted Mr. Fairfax with lively welcome, telling him that Clifton had not yet made his appearance. But even while they spoke, Captain Clifton joined them, and they sat down to breakfast. Those breakfasts on the lawn!—How many times in after years, in the sultry heat of the city hotel, did Fairfax recall them!

Soon after breakfast, Captain Clifton invited Mr. Fairfax to accompany him in a ride up the ridge to his mother's farm. And after taking leave of the ladies they set out. They left the house by the back way, and took a winding bridle-path up the side of the cliffs. The day was very fine and cool, and their path was shaded by overhanging trees. It was altogether a delightful ride, and as they went up, Clifton, who led the way, turned his head around and inquired—

"Frank! what instigated you to romance so last night about our sojourn at the mountain-hut?"

"Romance! I didn't romance, except in saying that the girl was beautiful. I said *that* for your credit!"

"Oh! I ought to be *exceedingly* obliged to you!"

"Yes—I think so, too—but what malicious Puck gave you a love-weed, and fooled you into sitting and studying that ugly little girl's hard face all the evening?"

"I did not think her ugly at all. She has a noble countenance. A *most* noble countenance. One of which an empress might be proud of!"

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! *I* saw nothing but a mountainous forehead, and a strong portcullis jaw! 'Noble!' Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I said you'd taken the love-powder!"

"Yet even you cannot find any but a *noble* simile in speaking of her 'ugly' features!"

"Ah! what will Miss Clifton think of this admiration?"

"Sir, Miss Clifton has my deepest homage, and when she is my wife, she will indulge no follies. But, Fairfax, you are absurd, and I beg you will abandon this ridiculous conversation. You know that I have always had a proclivity to the study of character. Nature made me something of a physiognomist. And if there be any truth in my favorite science, that mountain girl's face presented the most extraordinary combination of power and goodness I have ever met with."

"Oh! then you only studied the maiden as the botanist would study a new plant, the geologist a new fossil, or the naturalist a strange animal?—"

—"Or the astronomer a new STAR? Precisely, sir! Except that the human being is the highest and most absorbing study of all!"

"Really! really! this passes belief—the proud, fastidious Archer Clifton, to be smitten with an ugly mountain girl!"

"Frank! Nonsense—you really anger me. Listen, then, and I will tell you why that child—for she is but a child—interested me so much. I saw in her face the signs of wonderful force of character, as yet undeveloped, and I saw in all her actions that which corroborated their testimony. I was surprised to find all that in the humble mountaineer, and speculated as to what, in her *very* humble situation, it might lead.—That was simply all!"

"And did you not wish to be a providence to the mountain girl, and open a field for so much energy?"

"Perhaps such a thought might have presented itself to my mind. If so it was dismissed at once. A highly gifted *man* of low birth must have extraordinary talents indeed, and be placed in extraordinary circumstances, to elevate himself above his condition—for a *girl* in such a case it is impossible. But, Fairfax, really this conversation has taken a more serious tone than I designed it should. Really, nobility of character, though very rare among the lower classes of society, is yet not so impossible as to excite our wonder. There are others like Kate Kavanagh—"

—"How pat you've got her name! Now *I* had forgotten it!"

"Pooh! I say there are others like her. They are born great—they live and die, and the world hears nothing of them. And talents that might have swayed the counsels of a monarch, and decided the destinies of an empire, have been employed to direct the household of a shepherd, and determine the fate of a sheep! Such is the order of society, and better, far better so, than that its boundaries should be thrown down, its ranks intermingled!"

"There spoke a Clifton of Clifton!" said Frank.

They were now at the top of the ridge, and entering upon a hard, stony, half-reclaimed farm, in the midst of which stood a rude, but substantial house, built of hewn rocks of every shade of gray, and surrounded by trees. Below them, all around, rose the forest-crowned hills; behind them the white cliffs concealed the mansion of Clifton from their sight; all around them [illegible] "This is Hardbargain," said Captain Clifton, opening a rude farm gate, while his companion passed through.

"Hardbargain! a most appropriate name! I should think it the hardest of all bargains, to receive this farm as a precious gift," replied Frank, looking around upon the stony field and stunted corn.

"Yes," admitted Captain Clifton, "it is a well-merited title. It was once called Rocky Ridge. A poor man got a grant of it, and settled there first—spent all his health and strength in trying to bring the rugged soil under cultivation—failed—christened the place *Hardscrabble*, and sold it to my grandfather for thrice its value. My grandfather repented the purchase, re-christened the ill-starred farm Hard*bargain*, and, as the Clifton estate was entailed upon his eldest son, gave this farm as a portion to his younger son, my father. My father was then a subaltern officer in the Continental Army, and absent with Washington, at Valley Forge. My mother, with myself, then an infant, was a temporary sojourner at Clifton. No sooner had my grandfather made a gift to my father of this nearly barren farm, than my mother set all her faculties at work for its cultivation and improvement. My mother was nearly penniless, being the daughter of a family of decayed fortune. My father was unable to send her anything except the Continental notes, with which he himself was paid, but which would scarcely pass farther. But being determined not to eat the bread of dependance by remaining at Clifton after my grandfather's death, my mother sold all her jewelry and plate, which had been left her by a deceased maiden aunt, and applied the proceeds of the sale to the improvement of Hardbargain. She hired laborers. There was a rude log hut, built by the first settler upon the land. She hired a woman, and placed her in that hut to keep house and cook for them. She read books on agriculture, and consulted my uncle's overseer upon the same subject. And every morning she rode up and spent the day at Hardbargain, overlooking the laborers. She was her own overseer! Frank! you appreciate high worth when you see it! I may, besides, tell you anything—you are my only companion—I tell you that my dear mother was one in ten thousand. She was a true heroine, a heroine of domestic life. Abandoning all her habits of elegance and refinement, despising luxury, ease and comfort, disdaining the sneers of the world, and giving herself to toil and hardship, and weariness of body and mind, that she might win from the desert an independant home for her family! My dear mother had no reason to suppose, and never admitted the possibility that my uncle would not be blessed with a male heir, that *I*, her son, for whom she toiled to secure a rugged farm, would be the inheritor of entailed Clifton! And so she toiled, year after year, until at the end of the war, when the army was reduced, and my father came home, he found a comfortable house, and a productive farm."

Clifton seemed to have fallen into one of his fits of reminiscence; scarcely conscious that he was talking to his true but volatile friend, scarcely conscious that he was talking *at all*, he went on—

"My first recollection of my dearest mother, is of a very noble looking lady, of dark complexion, black hair, and gray eyes. I recollect, when an infant of four years old, being brought out from the mansion house of Clifton every morning, to the back road gate, where she sat upon her horse awaiting me, with a little basket, containing our dinner, hanging on the horn of the saddle. I used to be lifted to the saddle before her, and while her left arm encircled me, with her right hand she would guide her horse around the base of the cliff, and take the winding bridle-path that led up the Rocky Ridge, upon which lay her sterile farm of Hardbargain. Oh! I remember how she used to ride from field to field, making investigations, and giving directions to her rude workmen—and with what deference the rough men were used to address her—hat in hand. I remember, too, our cold dinners, taken under the shade of an elm tree, whose lowest branches sheltered a fine spring—the head waters of that very torrent, which, in course of time and space, swells into the mighty river I told *you* of. Oh! my noble mother! how few would have displayed her courage and fortitude!—not one in a million but would have rather sat down in the luxurious ease and abundance of Clifton, where she had a long welcome for as long as she should choose to stay—rather than have dared the toil and hardship that she endured. The land was at last cleared up, the farm laid off in order, and brought under the best possible cultivation. A comfortable house was built, and my mother moved into it to receive my father when he should come home, at the disbanding of his company. He came at last—it was a happy time—and well I remember how my mother's young, but stern and weather-beaten face, bloomed and softened again into youth and beauty and womanhood, by her soldier's side. But, ah! he had survived all the horrible perils and sufferings by cold, hunger, and the foe, endured by our army during that long and terrible struggle, and returned safe, to die in a time of peace—to die at home, where every care and comfort surrounded him. Yes, he came home in the Winter of —83. Towards the Spring, he took a slight cold—it was neglected as of little account—it settled upon his lungs—before Winter came again, he died, and the first snow that fell, fell upon his grave. My honored mother was a strong-minded woman. After what I have told you, you know that she was! She loved him as only the strong can love. She suffered as only the strong can suffer. She rose above that death-blow to her happiness as only the strong can rise. But she has never been the same woman since. When a few years had passed, and her son's welfare demanded her care, she aroused every faculty of her mind and body, for the 'purpose of insuring' his greatest good. Even at that epoch of time, there was no reason to suppose that I should inherit the Clifton estate. My uncle was then in the prime of manhood, had married his second wife, and by no means despaired of male issue. My dear mother taxed soul, body and estate to the utmost, to defray my expenses at college, during the seven years of my residence there. It was also to her persevering exertions, as well as to the late military services of my deceased father, that I owed my commission in the army. They say that *misfortunes* never come single. *Good fortune* certainly never does, if I may judge of our own experience of both. When I had left college, the heaviest tax was raised from our income, and when I obtained a commission in the army, my year's pay more than doubled the annual income from the proceeds of the farm. At this time also my mother received a legacy from an aged and distant relative, which enabled her to stock her farm well, and furnish her house comfortably. Furthermore, my uncle having lost his *third* wife, and at last given up all thoughts of a son of his own, began to take quite a paternal interest in me—insisting, when off duty, I should spend all my time with him—and finding neither myself nor my mother disposed to forego each other's society, would have persuaded the latter to take up her abode under his roof. But that arrangement did not suit my mother. She, who in her young womanhood had too high a spirit for dependence—preferring to give herself to severest toil and privation, rather than live in easy luxury under another's roof—could not in her stern maturity be bribed to give up her well-earned independence. Nor indeed, under any circumstances, should I have consented to the plan. We compromised the matter by my agreeing to spend half the time of furlough at Clifton. This was the more congenial to my feelings, as my cousin Carolyn had now left school permanently. As for my uncle, he consoled himself for his disappointment in not getting my mother's society at [illegible] by marrying a fourth wife."

"[illegible] impressed with the idea that your mother [illegible] very proud woman, Clifton!" said Frank, [illegible] first thoughtful pause.

"No, no," he answered, slowly, as in half reverie, "no—she is not what the world calls proud—she is no conservator of rank, as I am. She is the only *true* republican I know in this whole Republic. Sprung, herself, from an ancient, noble, and haughty race, she yet honors talent and virtue, when met with in the lowest ranks, as much—nay, I verily believe, *more*, than when found in the highest circles, where it is natural they should be more frequently seen."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Selected Sketch.

A PREDICTION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Jacques Cazotte, after having passed a part of his life at Martinique, as overseer of the Leeward Islands, returned to France, where he was engaged in a famous law-suit with the Society of Jesuits, who refused to pay a bill of exchange which he had received from Pere Lavalette, to whom he had sold his goods and possessions in Martinique. Having gained his suit, he established himself in the borough of Pierry, near Epernay, where he devoted himself to literature, in the bosom of his family, to which he was warmly attached. He would have been completely happy if his business had not called him, from time to time, to Paris. At each visit he returned more and more dejected. The revolution, of which he had a presentiment, was advancing with gigantic strides. The death of his wife increased his melancholy, and he resigned himself to the practice of a devotion which bordered upon the ascetic. The aspirations of his youth had become a reality for him. He asserted that he had visions, and that he could penetrate the mysteries of the future. He had undertaken, himself alone, to convert the eighteenth century, and he believed firmly in his mission. This monomania for conversion gained Cazotte no enemies, as every one was convinced that it was harmless; it had the effect, on the contrary, of drawing a number of friends around him. Cazotte's presence in Paris was the signal for a kind of literary festival. On his last visit, Champfort invited him to a grand dinner, at which all the wits of the city were to be present. After much persuasion the hermit of Pierry consented to be a guest.

The dining hall was magnificently furnished. The ceiling, hung with garlands, sparkled with the light of a thousand tapers. The walls were covered with sumptuous tapestry. A numerous and select company had taken their seats around the table. Among the guests were seen Condorcet, Vicq d'Azyr, de Nicolai, Bailly, de Malesherbes, Roucher, and La Harpe. The Duchess of Grammont and several other women, equally celebrated in the annals of the times, displayed all the elegance and luxury of their apparel. As usual, their revelry was joyous and brilliant. At the dessert the wines of Malvosie and of Constance, the nectar of Epernay, as it was then called, gave to their polished gaiety that air of freedom which sometimes exceeds the bounds of propriety. It was a genuine *petit souper*, of the eighteenth century, with its bold jests, its sallies of gallantry, its songs, slightly ambiguous. The guests conversed of everything, of politics, of religion, of philosophy, and even a little about the Deity—but this, as one can readily imagine, only to express doubts of His existence. Champfort, who kept up a famous correspondence with Mirabeau, related, without the slightest disguise, the life of this man, who was celebrated as yet only for his excesses; then he read several of his impious and licentious tales, a thorny task, to which the high dames listened without resorting to their fans.

The tone once given, nothing more restrained the guests; one recited a tirade from *La Pucelle*, another repeated a chapter from Diderot, each contributed his anecdote, his fun, or his motto to this edifice of sarcasm and mockery. The great name of Voltaire was uttered, and loud eulogisms showered upon the patriarch of Ferney. It was he who compelled superstition and fanaticism to give place to reason, and they began to calculate the probable epoch of the approaching revolution. There were some present, who like Bailly, feared that their age would not permit them to witness it.

In the midst of the general mirth, one alone, of all the guests, had taken no part in the ovation thus tumultuously decreed to Voltaire. This guest, who by his sadness seemed to protest against the general enthusiasm, was Cazotte.

"Yes," cried Cazotte, "we shall all behold this grand and sublime revolution. Nothing can change the decrees of Providence. The spirit has told me that we shall all behold it!" Having uttered these words, he relapsed into the gloomy revery into which he had been plunged during the repast.

"We hope, indeed, to be both witnesses and actors in this great drama of deliverance," replied the guests. "Here is a fine prophet!"

"Prophet! yes, I am one!" replied Cazotte, roused by these words from his revery. "The drama of the revolution has just passed before me; I know that which is doing, and that which will be done. And you, who are around me, would you know in what manner you will be both actors and witnesses?"

"Let us hear," said Condorcet, with the gloomy smile, which was peculiar to him, "Habacuk has the floor."

Cazotte rose, and gazing sadly for some moments at the speaker, he stretched his arm towards him in an attitude of menace, and exclaimed—

"You, M. de Condorcet, overwhelmed with indignation and calumnies, will expire upon the pavement of a dungeon, enraged at having delivered over your country to the tyranny of the populace; you will die from poison, which you will take to escape the scaffold."

The company were silent. The wine, however, was still fermenting in their heads; the domestics came to renew the tapers, and the guests re-filled their glasses; they now recollected that Cazotte was subject to hallucinations of this kind, and they gave loose to their merriment. "M. Cazotte," said they, "the tale that you give us is not as amusing as your *Diable amoureux*."

"I prefer the *Lord impromptu*," cried another.

"I prefer the *Thousand-and-one follies*," added Champfort.

"You, M. Champfort," resumed Cazotte, "you will open your veins with two-and-twenty cuts of the razor, and still you will survive your two-and-twenty wounds for two months."

Each gazed at the others and endeavored to laugh. Vicq d'Azyr began to thunder forth a *De Profundis*.

"You do well, M. Vicq d'Azyr; you are chanting your own funeral anthem. You will not open your veins, for you will fear lest your hand should tremble; you will require this service of a friend, to be more sure of the deed, and, bathed in your blood, you will expire in the agony of the gout, at midnight. Stay, look at yonder clock; it is about to strike the hour of your death!"

The hand pointed to a quarter of one, upon the golden dial. By a movement which they were unable to control, all the guests rose one after the other. As they did so, Cazotte, like a shepherd [illegible] carefully his visitors. "You will die upon the scaffold," he said, to Nicolai; "you, [illegible] M. Bailly; you likewise, M. Malesherbes; you [illegible] The scaffold or suicide awaits you all!"

Terror began to gain upon the guests. Still, [illegible] to appear unconcerned. They whispered to each other: "You see he is mad! he jests, and he always blends something of the marvellous with his pleasantries. Cazotte is not one of the Illuminati for nothing." Notwithstanding these words of mutual encouragement, the women listened to these prophecies with more seriousness. The Duchess of Vitre, in order to encourage her companions, inquired at what time all this would happen.

"Six years will not pass away before all that I have told you will be fulfilled."

"Here is a harvest of miracles," (it was La Harpe who now spoke,) and do you count me for nothing among these marvels?"

"You will indeed be counted among them, and as a marvel to the full as extraordinary as the rest. I behold you striking with your bare forehead the marble pavement of the sanctuary; you kiss the hand of one of those Priests at whom you mock to-day; you seek after peace of heart in the gloom of the cloister, and after repose of conscience in the pardon which comes from the lips of a confessor."

This prophecy, less sad, although perhaps more surprising than the rest, somewhat restored gaiety to this circle, which Cazotte's vision had just decimated.

"I breathe again!" cried Champfort, "if we do not die until La Harpe is converted we are immortal!"

The example given by the Duchess of Vitre was soon followed by Madame de Grammont.

"We are very fortunate, we women," she said, "to be counted for nothing in revolutions. When I say for nothing, I do not mean that we do not generally meddle a little with them, but it is agreed upon that we are not to be held to an account for it, and our sex," she added, turning to Cazotte with a careless tone, "will doubtless—"

But the prophet was pitiless. "Your sex will not protect you."

"What is that you say? Why, it is the end of the world you are preaching."

"It is possible; but that which is certain, is this: you, Madame the Duchess de Grammont, will be conducted to the scaffold, you, and many other dames with you, with your hands bound behind your back."

"I hope that, in that case, I shall at least have a carriage hung with black."

"No, madame; ladies of higher rank than yourself will ride thither in a cart, and with their hands bound like yours."

"Ladies of higher rank! What! princesses of the blood?"

"Ladies of still higher rank!"

Here there was a general movement in the assembly. No one insisted upon a more explicit answer. The tapers spread but a dim light through the apartment; fatigue and alarm were visible in the pale features of the guests; the remnants of the repast lay scattered about the table, across which fell, from time to time, the fantastic shadows of the dawn, as it crept through the lofty windows. Cazotte's voice broke the silence. He cried in a gloomy, hollow tone: "I have gone seven times about the ramparts, and I have cried: Woe to Jerusalem! woe to Jerusalem! woe to myself!"

The Duchess of Vitre dared not put another question to Cazotte. Madame de Grammont, in order not to appear alarmed, said, with an evident effort:

"You will see! he will not leave me even a confessor."

"No, madame," continued the inexorable seer, "you will have none, neither you nor the others. The last victim who will enjoy this privilege will be——"

He paused for a moment.

"Well, who is the happy mortal who will enjoy this prerogative?"

"It is the last of his prerogatives which will remain to the King of France."

After this prediction, since become so famous, for, the chance which had dictated, seemed to take pleasure in fulfilling it, in all its details, Cazotte saluted the company and departed, leaving his auditors sunk in profound stupor.*

Selected Articles.

THE MASTER OF DEPORTMENT.

He was a fat old gentleman, with a false complexion, false teeth, false whiskers, and a wig. He had a fur collar, and he had a padded breast to his coat, which only wanted a star or a broad blue ribbon to be complete. He was pinched in and swelled out, and got up, and strapped down, as much as he could possibly bear. He had such a neck-cloth on (puffing his very eyes out of their natural shape,) and his chin and even his ears so sunk into it, that it seemed as though he must inevitably double up, if it were cast loose. He had, under his arm, a hat of great size and weight, shelving downward from the crown to the brim; and in his hand a pair of white gloves, with which he flapped it, as he stood poised on one leg, in a high-shouldered, round-elbowed state of elegance not to be surpassed. He had a cane, he had an eye-glass, he had a snuff-box, he had rings, he had wristbands, he had every thing but any touch of nature; he was not like youth, he was not like age, he was like nothing in the world but a model of deportment.

I looked surprised and inquisitive. The old lady, becoming more and more incensed against the Master of Deportment as she dwelt upon the subject, gave me some particulars of his career, with strong assurances that they were mildly stated.

He had married a meek little dancing-mistress, with a tolerable connection, (having never in his life before done anything but deport himself,) and had worked her to death, or had, at the best, suffered her to work herself to death, to maintain him in those expenses which were indispensable to his position. At once to exhibit his deportment to the best models, and to keep the best models constantly before himself, he had found it necessary to frequent all public places of fashionable and lounging resort; to be seen at Brighton and elsewhere at fashionable times; and to lead an idle life in the very best clothes. To enable him to do this, the affectionate little dancing-mistress had toiled and labored, and would have toiled and labored to that hour, if her strength had lasted so long. For, the mainspring of the story was, that, in spite of the man's absorbing selfishness, his wife (overpowered by his deportment,) had, to the last, believed in him, and had, on her death-bed, in the most moving terms, confided him to their son as one who had an inextinguishable claim upon him, and whom he could never regard with too much pride and deference. The son, inheriting his mother's belief, and having the deportment always before him, had lived and grown in the same faith, and now, at thirty years of age, worked for his father twelve hours a day, and looked up to him with veneration on the old imaginary pinnacle.

"The airs the fellow gives himself!" said my informant, shaking her head at old Mr. Turveydrop with speechless indignation, as he drew on his right gloves; of course unconscious of the homage she was rendering. "He fully believes he is one of the aristocracy! And he is so condescending to the son he so egregiously deludes, that you might suppose him the most virtuous of parents. Oh!" said the old lady, [illegible] him with infinite vehemence, "I could bite you!"

I could not help being amused, though I heard the old lady out with feelings of real concern. It was difficult to doubt her, with the father and son before me. What I might have thought of them without the old lady's account, or what I might have thought of the old lady's account without them, I cannot say. There was a fitness of things in the whole that carried conviction with it.

My eyes were yet wandering, from young Mr. Turveydrop working so hard to old Mr. Turveydrop deporting himself so beautifully, when the latter came ambling up to me, and entered into conversation.

He asked me, first of all, whether I conferred a charm and a distinction on London by residing in it? I did not think it necessary to reply that I was perfectly aware I should not do that in any case, but merely told him where I did reside.

"A lady so graceful and accomplished," he said, kissing his right glove, and afterwards extending it toward the pupils, "will look leniently on the deficiencies here. We do our best to polish—polish—polish!"

He sat down beside me; taking some pains to sit on the form, I thought, in imitation of the print of his illustrious model on the sofa, and really he did look very like it.

"To polish—polish—polish!" he repeated, taking a pinch of snuff, and gently fluttering his fingers. "But we are not—if I may say so, to one formed to be graceful both by Nature and Art;" with the high-shouldered bow, which it seemed impossible for him to make without lifting up his eyebrows and shutting his eyes—"We are not what we used to be in point of deportment."

"Are we not, sir?" said I.

"We have degenerated," he returned, shaking his head, which he could do, to a very limited extent, in his cravat. "A levelling age is not favorable to deportment. It develops vulgarity. Perhaps I speak with some little partiality. It may not be for me to say that I have been called, for some years now, Gentleman Turveydrop; or that His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, did me the honor to inquire on my removing my hat as he drove out of the Pavilion at Brighton (that fine building,) 'Who is he? Who the devil is he? Why don't I know him? Why hasn't he thirty thousand a year?' But these are little matters of anecdote—the general property, ma'am—still repeated, occasionally, among the upper classes."

"Indeed?" said I.

He replied with the high-shouldered bow. "Where what is left among us of deportment," he added, "still lingers. England—alas, my country! has degenerated very much, and is degenerating every day. She has not many gentlemen left. We are few. I see nothing to succeed us, but a race of weavers."—*Bleak House.*

FREE DEVELOPMENT OF MAN.—If I were to express in a line what constitutes the glory of a state, I should say *it is the free and full development of human nature*. That country is the happiest and noblest whose institutions and circumstances give the largest range of action to the human powers and affections, and call forth man in all the variety of his faculties and feelings. That is the happiest country where there is most intelligence and freedom of thought, most affection and love, most imagination, and taste, most industry and enterprise, most public spirit, most domestic virtue, most conscience, most piety. Wealth is a good only as it is the production and proof of the vigorous exercise of man's powers, and is a means of bringing out his affection and enlarging his faculties. Man is the only glory of a country; and it is the advancement and unfolding of human nature which is the true interest of a State.—*Dr. Channing.*

☞ Boston *is the richest city* in the world, of its size—three times as rich as New York, and five or six times as rich as Baltimore, dividing its property with its population. How did Boston get this world of wealth? Why, four-fifths of it from the toiling and oppressed inmates of the mills, of our factories. Boston owns Lowell, Lawrence, Manchester, Nashua, Hadley, Cabot, Chicopee,—indeed, with small exceptions, *all* the hundreds of factories in New England, and many, many millions in other parts of the United States. The earnings, wealth and profits of these establishments are poured into the lap of the wealthy capitalist of Boston and vicinity.—*Olive Branch.*

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* Cazotte's sagacity was very remarkable; his connection with the Illuminati may have added a degree of enthusiasm to this faculty, and it is not impossible but that this enthusiasm, combined with a perfect knowledge of the men and affairs of his age, may have given, at times, a singular correctness to his predictions. Prophets are not necessarily sorcerers; a little good sense is, often, all that is requisite. La Harpe, who was one of the actors in the singular drama which we have recounted, refers to it in his memoirs.

Miscellaneous.

THE CHILD OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD!

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. SOULIE,
BY H. HUDSON TILLEY.

About the year 1830, I was at the house of one of our most celebrated French Generals. It was evening, and although it was not one of his days for receiving company, several persons had come to call on him. We were seated around the fire, and were conversing with perfect freedom, when the servant announced M. Louis Jacquot, and we saw enter a young officer of marines, of a most distinguished appearance. The singularity of his name contrasted so much with the elegance of his manners, and the reception which the General and his wife gave him was so affectionate, that the attention of every one was attracted towards him. This movement led to an examination of his person, which was quite favorable for him, for this M. Jacquot was a fine young man, of about twenty-two years, at most. His face had that brown tint which is acquired on the sea; he had an eye large and black, and the frank and decided air of a brave youth. His toilette was not less remarkable than his person. Although it is difficult to make a great display of elegance with the uniform of an ensign, yet that of M. Jacquot was so well cut and closely fitted, that it was impossible to avoid noticing it. This young officer must have had something very interesting about him, for that inspection which is always made when a person enters a room, was prolonged in his case much longer than is usual, and by a coincidence natural enough, the glances of each were fixed upon a part of his costume which was entirely at variance with the rest.—In fact, to his *chapeau* of black and shining felt, which M. Jacquot held in his hand, was attached an old cockade, decidedly faded and dirty. The General perceived the regard which this excited, and remarked it in a low tone to his wife, who answered him by a pleasant smile, and M. Jacquot, who saw this movement, blushed up to the whites of his eyes. It was not the blush of shame, nor of confusion which mounted to the face of the young officer, but of a modest embarrassment; and the General, seeing him thus disturbed, held out his hand to him, saying, "You are a brave boy, Louis." The General's lady also extended her hand, which the young officer kissed with a lively expression of respect and tenderness.

The little scene had interested us very much, but no one thought of asking an explanation. The arrival of the young man, however, had interrupted the conversation, and each one seemed loathe to resume, when an old officer, who had remained silent enough all the evening, suddenly arose, and said, in a rough voice, to the General, "This, then, is your Jacquot, and here is the true cockade!" and without waiting for an answer, he took the hat from the hands of the young man, and examined it attentively; one would have thought that he wished to embrace it, and a tear fell from his eye on his moustache while he regarded it.

This new incident determined the curiosity of every one; they rose, examined this mysterious cockade, and several persons having approached the General, demanded of him the explanation of all this.

"Ah," said he, "it is a very simple story."

"It is a magnificent story!" exclaimed the old officer; "if madame, the General's lady, will relate it to these ladies and gentlemen, I am sure that it will draw tears from their eyes." We insisted on it, the General consented, the young officer resigned himself to be placed in a *scene*, and we listened to the following narrative:

At the first interview between Napoleon and Alexander, the first of these two Emperors wished to show the other the troops who had conquered him, ordered a general review. Napoleon surveyed with complacency the ranks of his Imperial Guard, when he suddenly stopped before a grenadier who had on his face a scar, which, beginning on his forehead, descended to the middle of his cheek. He regarded him a moment with pride, and pointing him out with his finger to the Emperor Alexander—

"What think you," said he to him, "of the soldier who can resist such wounds as that?"

"What think you of the soldiers who inflicted them?" answered Alexander, with a happy presence of mind.

"*They are* DEAD!" said the old grenadier, in a solemn voice, mingling, by this sublime sentence, in the conversation of the two most powerful monarchs of the world. Alexander, whose question had embarrassed Napoleon, turned towards him and said, with courtesy:

"Sire, you are everywhere victor."

"It is this guard who have made me so," [illegible] making a gesture of thanks to his grenadier.

A few days after this review, Napoleon was walking in the quarters of his guard, thinking perhaps of the conquest of Spain, [illegible] the old grenadier who had extricated him from his perplexity, when he perceived him sitting on a stone, his legs crossed, dancing on his foot a little rogue of a boy, apparently about a year old, at the most. The Emperor stopped before him; but the old soldier did not rise, and only said:

"Pardon, sire; but if I rise, Jacquot will cry out like a Prussian fifer, and perhaps that would disturb your Majesty."

"That is right," said Napoleon; "your name is Jacques?"

"Yes, my Emperor, Jacques. That is why they call this little fellow Jacquot."

"Is he your son?"

"Humph! my Emperor, his mother was a brave canteen-bearer, to whom about two months ago, a rascal of a trooper gave a blow on the back of her neck, while she was pouring out a drop of brandy for her husband, a poor ensign, who had just had his leg carried away. That caused her death, and the child is an orphan."

"And you have adopted the infant?" said the Emperor.

"I and the others. We found him at the breast of his mother, who no longer stirred, chafing like a horseman on foot, and his stomach as empty as the coffers of the King of Spain.—The ensign, who still breathed a little, told us how its mother had been killed in the service of your Majesty. So we have adopted the youngster, and as I was the one who found him first, I have the charge of bringing him up."

Napoleon gazed in silence for a moment on the old grenadier, who continued to give Jacquot a lesson in balancing on his foot, and then said to him—

"Jacques, I owe you something."

"Me, my Emperor? You have given me the cross for this scar; it is I who owe you a return."

"It is," rejoined Napoleon, "for what you said to the Emperor Alexander."

"I have said nothing uncivil to that Emperor! He has complained of me, perhaps?"

"By no means," said Napoleon; "for I wish to reward you. Let us see, what do you want?"

"*Ma foi*," answered Jacques, "I do not wish anything; but since you wish to do me a favor, give something to this little fellow that will please him."

"Very willingly," said the Emperor. Jacques arose, placed the infant on his arm, and approached, while Napoleon searched his pockets for something to give the child. He found nothing there but some pieces of gold, which he quickly replaced, for it was not with money that Napoleon gained the hearts of his soldiers. He searched again, without finding anything but some papers. At last he knew of nothing else that he had with him, when he discovered his tobacco-box in a corner of his waistcoat pocket, and offered it to the grenadier. Jacques burst into a laugh on seeing the box, and said—

"What foolishness! to give a tobacco-box to a child who has never even smoked!"

The Emperor was going to reply, when he felt something pulling at his hat, and saw that the infant, who was on the arm of the grenadier, had slipped his hand into the loop and was playing with the cockade.

"Hold, Sire," said the grenadier; "the little one is sharper than both of us. He acts like your Majesty—he takes what suits him."

"Very well," said the Emperor; "let him keep it." And having himself pulled the cockade from his chapeau, he restored it to the child, to whom Jacques said, tossing him in his arms, "Come, show his Majesty that you know how to talk." The child, laughing and clapping its hands, babbled forth, in a broken manner, the words—*Vive l'Empereur.*

After that day, Jacques made many journeys. He returned to Paris, went to Madrid, afterwards to Vienna, pushed on to Moscow, and accompanied Napoleon to the island of Elba. Jacquot was in all his campaigns, sometimes measuring his little steps with the gigantic strides of the grenadiers of the guard, sometimes riding with the baggage, and then again astride on the knapsack of some grumbler, who relaxed the scowl on his face at the sight of his merry tricks. He had a little sabre, and a citizen's cap, which he had already learned to wear over one ear, and he played on the fife like a nightingale. Jacques, who loved and honored Napoleon, as one loves his mother and his country, had taught Jacquot to love and honor him the same. The grenadier, however, had been much perplexed as to the manner in which he should make the child wear the cockade; but the idea struck him to enclose it in a locket, which he suspended from his neck, saying to him—

"Listen, Jacquot, you must say your prayers, morning and evening, on this relic, or I shall make you eat your broth hot without blowing it."

His commands were obeyed, and for eight years, morning and evening, Jacquot knelt before his cockade, praying for his father Jacques and the Emperor.

This length of time, these eight years, sufficed to carry France to the height of glory and power, and to plunge her in the reverse. Napoleon was exiled to St. Helena, and the army was disbanded. Poor Jacques was returned, like the rest, with his decoration of Sergeant Major, his *cross*, and his poor Jacquot. Louis, who was then nine years old, and began to comprehend his misfortune, has often told me that what struck him most was, to see his brave father, who had made, some months before, forced marches of fifteen or twenty (Fr.) leagues a day, with gun, cartridge-box and knapsack on his back, fall down almost dying with fatigue at the end of a few hours of the route, now that he carried nothing but a small bundle of clothes, and a paltry stick. He grew more feeble every day; often he passed the night in miserable stables, where Jacquot picked up the wisps of straw which the stable boys dropped, to cover the old grenadier. He watched beside him at night, and shared with him the morsels of bread which he obtained from the charity of the innkeepers. But at last the weakness of Jacques became so great that they were forced to stop at a desolate hut, where the unhappy old soldier, overcome by suffering, allowed these words to escape him as if in spite of himself: "Jacquot, a little brandy, or I die." The poor child began to cry with all his might, then he ran and placed himself by the roadside and attempted to ask alms; but he obtained nothing, and was overwhelmed with despair, when an idea suddenly struck him, an idea such as despair inspires. He threw himself on his knees, drew his locket from his breast, and sobbing, began to cry out—"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* Give me some brandy for father Jacques!" And he continued this touching appeal, almost suffocated with grief. At this moment, a gentleman approached Jacquot; he interrogated the child, who, through his tears related to him his history, and finished by saying, "Father Jacques has forbidden me ever to part with this cockade; he has told me that it would protect me, that it was my fortune; and I would cut off my arm sooner than lose it; if, however, you will give me a single sou for it, take it; I shall buy some brandy for father Jacques."

The stranger, much affected, answered the boy: "He to whom you prayed, has left in France a few old soldiers who will share his benefits with their old comrades. Lead me to Jacques. And this man—"

"This beneficent man," cried the young officer, interrupting the story of the General's lady, "this beneficent man took me in his arms, me, a poor beggar. He caused Jacques to be transported to his castle; he restored him to life; he secured to him a subsistence, and he has educated me, an orphan, as his own son, and he loads me every day with benefits!" And the young marine burst into tears as he finished these words. The General and his wife held out their hands to him, while the former cried out to him in his turn:

"You have not finished the story, Louis; you forget to state that I promised to restore your cockade to you on the day that you should return with an epaulette gained, as we have gained ours; and, as you see, the cockade is in his hat; for Louis was at the taking of Algiers, and his captain, who took him as an aspirant for fame, has sent him back an ensign."

At these words, the brave General embraced his adopted son. We were all melted to tears; and the old officer murmured, wiping his eyes and his mustache, "I said truly you would plunge them all in tears."—*Boston Journal.*

MEDIÆVAL KNOCKINGS.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer quotes a story from the Chronicles of Sir John Froissart, by which we learn that the Fox and Fish communication is of quite an ancient origin. From this account, it appears that, about the year 1360—nearly five centuries ago—my "Lord Raymond of Corasse" had a difficulty with a priest or "clerk," about tithes, the collection of which he had resisted. The priest threatened vengeance, and departed.—"About three months after, when the knight least thought of it, and was sleeping in his bed with his lady, in his castle of Corasse, there came *invisible messengers*, who made such a noise, [illegible] they met with in the castle, as if they were determined to destroy all within it; and they gave such loud raps at the door of the chamber of the knight, that the lady was exceedingly frightened. The knight heard it all, but did not say a word, as he would not have it appear that he was alarmed, for he was a man of sufficient courage for any adventure. These noises and tumults continued in different parts of the castle for a considerable time, and then ceased. On the morrow, all the servants of the household assembled, and went to their lord and said:

"My lord, did you not hear what we all heard this night?" My Lord de Corasse dissembled, and replied: "What is it you have heard?" They then related to him all the noises and rioting they had heard, and that the plates in the kitchen had been broken. He began to laugh, and said: "It was nothing; that they had dreamed it, or that it had been the wind." "In the name of God," added the lady, "I well heard it."

On the following night, the noises and rioting were renewed, but much louder than before; and then some such blows struck against the door and windows of the chamber of the knight that it seemed they would break them down. The knight could no longer desist from leaping out of his bed, and calling out,—"Who is it that at this hour thus knocks at my chamber door?" He was instantly answered,—"It is I." "And who sends thee hither?" asked the knight. "The Clerk of Catalonia, whom thou hast much wronged, for thou hast deprived him of the rights of his benefice; I will never, therefore, leave thee quiet until thou hast rendered him a just account, with which he shall be contented." "What art thou called," said the knight, "who art so good a messenger?"—"My name is Orthon." "Orthon," said the knight, "serving a clerk will not be of much advantage to thee; for if thou believest him, he will give thee great trouble; I beg thou wilt, therefore, leave him and serve me, and I shall think myself obliged to thee." Orthon was ready with his answer, for he had taken a liking to the knight, and said: "Do you wish it?" "Yes," replied the knight, "but no harm must be done to any one within these walls." "Oh, no," answered Orthon, "I have no power to do ill to any one, only to awaken thee, and disturb thy rest, or that of other persons." "Do what I tell thee," added the knight, "we shall agree; and leave this wicked priest, for he is a worthless fellow, and serve me." "Well," replied Orthon, "since thou wilt have it so, I consent."

Orthon took such an affection to the Lord de Corasse that he came often to see him in the night time; and when he found him sleeping he pulled his pillow under his head, or made great noises at the door or windows; so that when the knight was awakened, he said: "Orthon, let me sleep." "I will not," replied he, "until I have told thee some news." The knight's lady was so much frightened the hairs on her head stood on end, and she hid herself under the bed clothes. "Well," said the knight, "and what news hast thou brought me?" Orthon replied, "I am come from England, Hungary, or some other place, which I left yesterday, and such and such things have happened." Thus did the Lord de Corasse know by the means of Orthon all things that were passing in different parts of the world; and this connexion continued for five years.

* * * * * *

The knight subsequently became desirous of seeing his "invisible messenger," when the following dialogue took place:—The knight interrogates the spirit, "And where dost thou come from?" "I come from Prague, in Bohemia." "How far is it hence?" "Sixty days' journey," replied Orthon. "And hast thou returned thence in so short a time?" "Yes, as may God help me; I travel as fast as the wind, or faster." "What, hast thou got wings?" "Oh, no." "How then canst thou fly so fast?" "That is no business of yours." "No!" said the knight, "I should like exceedingly to see what form thou hast, and how thou art made." "That does not concern you to know," replied Orthon; "be satisfied that you hear me, and that I bring you intelligence you may depend on."

That the spirit of Orthon did afterwards appear to the knight, first in the form of "two straws which were turning and playing together on the floor," and afterwards as "an immensely large sow," the curious reader will learn by reference to Froissart's Chronicles, (Johnes' translation, Vol. III., Chapter 13.)

☞ A REMARKABLE CHAMBERMAID.—A notice of a recent steamboat explosion closes as follows:—"The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid. She was insured for $16,000, and loaded with *iron*."

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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A MARVELLOUS STORY.

The N. H. *Statesman* contains a very singular affidavit, which we copy. The story that precedes it, relates that about forty-five years ago, a man named *Hodgdon* worked in Landaff, N. H., as a joiner. During the last season he lived there, he finished off a house for a Mr. Jonathan Noyes, to whom likewise he lent two or three hundred dollars in money, so that Noyes was, altogether, indebted to him about four hundred dollars for labor and cash. This Hodgdon disappeared suddenly, and the old people say, some little excitement existed at the time in consequence; but as he was a stranger, in a manner, it was thought he had absconded in debt, especially, as, soon after, Noyes gave out that he had received a letter from the man, requesting him to sell certain tools he had left behind. Noyes died a few years since, and on his death-bed intimated that he had a disclosure to make before he could die in peace, but, it appears, a neighbor named *Mann* was with him a whole day before his death. Yet nothing more was said about divulgements, though Noyes expired in great agony, crying, "O God forgive me that one sin!"

The late confession of *Mann*, however, at whose death the incidents sworn to in the affidavit are said to have taken place, has developed the mystery. Mr. Ira Goodall, the justice before whom the deposition was made, prefaces it with his testimony as to the character of the witnesses, and states that he has no doubt they state "the honest conviction of their hearts." The following is the affidavit:—

We, the undersigned, depose and say, that on Sunday evening, June 19, A. D., 1842, we were called to watch with Mr. Samuel Mann our neighbor of North Benton. One of us had been with him the Friday night before, to watch, and had stopped there at the family's request, Saturday night and Sunday [illegible] the day. Mr. Whitcher came to watch [illegible] 9 o'clock in the evening, and the family [illegible] after retired to rest, and left us with the [illegible] side, the fire-place on the south side, the door-way to the kitchen on the east, and a door leading to the bed-room on the west end of the room, and a set of drawers on the east side of the room near the foot of the bed, and a window by the foot, on the north side. The window was raised from four to six inches. The door into the kitchen was open, and Mr. George W. Mann slept there. The door into the bed-room was shut, and Mrs. Peter Howe and Mrs. Mann slept there. It was supposed he was dying Friday night; his extremities were cold, and yet he lingered on; he seemed much distressed, but not insane, and Saturday and Sunday remained still alive, and apparently insensible. When all was still Sunday night, and Mr. Whitcher was standing by the foot of the bed, close to the drawers by the open window, and Mr. Norris was sitting south of the bed, some four or five paces from the head of the bed on the west side of the room, and the candle was shining, and standing on the mantel over the fire place, when we both distinctly heard a groan—to Mr. Whitcher it seemed on the south-east of, and near him and the drawers, and to Mr. Norris it seemed north-east and near the drawers. We are both positive it could not come from the sick man, nor the bed whereon he was, nor from another room. It was a deep, lengthened groan, and startled us both. Mr. Whitcher stepped from the foot of the bed where he was standing by the open window to see what the noise was, and what caused it. As he took the light and turned round toward the bed, we both saw the room lighted up all at once with an unearthly crimson colored light. It almost extinguished the light of the candle, so that its light was very feeble, apparently almost out—and immediately we saw a strange looking man between us and the bed, looking apparently at Mr. Mann—his dress we cannot describe, his whole face we did not see. His clothes were dark, but we cannot give the fashion or make, nor say whether he had on boots or shoes, or hat or not. We were both transfixed—both stood there side by side, as Norris had risen up, Whitcher still holding the candle in his hand, and no fire in the fire-place, at least none that gave any light, and as the strange man stood before us, his back towards us and his face towards Mr. Mann, Mr. Mann appeared much excited and agitated, he rolled on the bed and threw his arms about and opened his eyes wide open, and appeared frightened and to gaze upon the apparition; then he tried to cover up his head, then he spake and his words were according to our best recollection as follows:—

"I am a lost man, and going to hell, and can see hell! and the devil is waiting for me. Oh! I have helped make way with a man forty-four years ago this summer on Jockey Hill, when I lived in Landaff. The man I worked for is now dead, and I assisted to make way with him, and we carried him up north-east of the house, where was then a second growth of wood, on a swampy, flattish place, now cleared up, and buried him. I have thought of it much since, and was often warned about it, but I tried to bear it as well as I could."

He tried to say something more, and we both think that he used the name of Edwards, but in what connection we cannot say. He called no other name, and we may be mistaken in this name, but think we are not. He then sank down, after turning over once or twice, and throwing his arms about, groaned and died. We know we were frightened, and could not speak, or did not, nor did the stranger, and as soon as Mann had finished confessing, and was dying away, he (the stranger) was gone. How he got in or out, we know not; one door was open, but we did not see him come in or go out, nor can we believe that he did. When we first saw him, he stood at the head of the bed or near it, his face partly turned away from Whitcher towards the bed and his back to Norris. We cannot describe his looks, nor can we his dress. We have above given the truth as it appeared to us, and for the sake of the survivors, as smoothly as we could—and as near as we can recollect it, and although we were shocked and some confused, yet we both remember, and fear we always shall too vividly, the scenes of that night, and when we spoke to each other of it at first, both agreed as above. Neither of us had ever heard of a man being missing as he told us, and we have been up to-day to see the ground he described, and found it as he told. He made no confession of any other crime that we understood, and we feel friendly to the family and also to him, and have no other view in giving this, but to save false reports, and do our solemn duty.

HAZEN WHITCHER.
DAVID M. NORRIS.

Grafton, ss. July 8, 1842. Then the said Hazen Whitcher, and David M. Norris, the signers of the above affidavit made by them, personally appeared before me and made oath that the affidavit is true, and is all the truth according to their last recollection.

IRA GOODALL, Justice of the Peace.

THE PARIS PLOT.

It is thought the terrible disclosures concerning the conspiracy, infernal machine, etc., will not amount to much after all. The explosive engine, it is said, was constructed out of gas-pipes, and shrewd persons conjecture that Louis Napoleon's own "gas" is at the bottom of the whole matter. By-and-bye, however, the "Prince" will not need to get up sham conspiracies, as, from many indications, the real article is not far off.

BIG SHIPS.

In the synopsis of foreign news by the Humboldt, mention is made of a project for the building of steamships 700 feet long, 14,000 tons burthen, and to be propelled by engines of 8,000 tons.

The editor of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, in referring to this, is reminded of a project mentioned to him in New York some six or seven years since. He says:—

"A gentleman whom we then met said that the world was still far behind what it should be in regard to steam navigation, and that as to ocean steamships, the cockle shells, as he called the steamers of one or two thousand tons burthen, were only worthy of boys, and so the world would discover in time. He said that the plan that should be adopted at once was to build steamers *seven hundred feet long*, propelled by engines of 6,000 horse power, and drawing seventy feet of water. 'But,' said a New Yorker, 'how are you going to get vessels into the bay, with such a draught of water?' To this the reply was that it was not necessary to bring them into New York Bay. Newport was the place, where they had plenty of water, and he was then going thither to satisfy himself on this point. Newport would be the great port of the country, and was destined to rob New York of her commerce, so soon as the American public would awake to a true idea of the mode of carrying on ocean steam navigation."

The sanguine gentleman above-mentioned was surpassed in his ideas by a scientific individual we encountered in the same city a short time ago. This genius proposed the construction of an immense floating barge *five miles long*, to be propelled by as many powerful engines as *could be worked*. He contended that by "a proper amount" of powerful machinery, the immense body could be propelled with tremendous speed through the water. He wanted to build hotels, pleasure grounds, shops, churches, etc., on the "concern," so that the voyage to Europe might be made a mere "trip to a watering-place." The best of the joke is that the man was sane and serious, and on one occasion astounded us by an *ad captandum* point in his argument. "You know, my dear sir," said he, grasping both our hands,—"the distance will be reduced to nothing—absolutely nothing—for, d'ye see, every time *she goes her length*, she gains *five miles*." We gave in to this, and left our enthusiastic friend to "go his length" in ship-building.

MURAT AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

"Tell me not History, for I *know* that it is false," said Sir Robert Walpole, and the justice of this asseveration is continually brought to mind by the mistakes and false positions of modern historians. Well may a hero exclaim, "save me from my friends," when such liberties are taken with the memory of departed greatness as is customary now-a-days. Rev. J. T. Headley, whose work on "Napoleon and his Marshals," made such a "*hit*" on the popular taste, and whose imagination seems to be a very sanguinary one at all times, says of Field-Marshal Murat, at the battle of Mount Tabor:

"The multitude surged back, as a single rider burst through, *his arm red to the elbow that grasped his dripping sword.*"

This, it must be confessed, is a picture of a very fierce and exceedingly bloody soldier, but it seems Mr. Headley had a precedent for his language in the description given by Alison, (the Scottish heroine lately knighted for his talents) who speaks of Murat

"Returning from a charge, *his sabre dripping with the blood of the Cossacks, whom he had challenged and slain in single combat.*"

Mr. Alison is quite as "intense" as Mr. Headley, though we agree with a writer in the New Bedford Mercury, that Headley is peculiarly original in his conception of "*the elbow that grasped the dripping sword.*" But a decided damper is laid on both gentlemen by Lamartine, who, in the last volume of his "History of the Restoration," remarks—

"The only weapon he (Murat) wore on horseback was a *Roman blade, broad and short, useless in attack or defence against the long blades of the enemy's cavalry*—he never drew this weapon from the scabbard but *once*, and then *not to strike with but to animate his escort*. He said to the Count De Mosbourg, his friend and Minister, 'my sweetest consolation when I look back on my career as a soldier, a general, and a king, is that *I never saw a man fall dead by my hand*. It is not of course impossible that in so many charges, some pistol shots fired at random, may have wounded or killed an enemy, but *I have known nothing of the matter*—if a man fell dead before me and by my hand, his image would be always present to my view, and would pursue me to the tomb.'"

How many a fine story, operating for or against an historical personage, might be quieted just as summarily, could the "word o'mouth" of the subject himself be brought to bear upon its merits.

EXCLUDING DUST.

In reference to inventions for excluding dust [illegible]:—

SIRS,—I noticed in one of your papers a paragraph in regard to an invention for excluding dust from cars. With due deference to your opinion, I think I know of a still better invention than that by Messrs. Ross & Rutter, which answers nearly the same purpose of a rain shower. The machine consists of a tank in the rear of the engine tender, which is filled with water; attached to this is a sprinkler, like those on the street sprinklers. The valve of the sprinkler can be so attached to the throttle valve lever of the engine, that when the engine is started, it opens this valve, and the water flows, and when the engine is shut off, the water stops; thus giving the dry rail to apply the brakes on.—This machine not only lays the dust, but it cools the air, lessens the friction, (and any experienced railroad man will tell you that a train will move better on a wet rail than on a dry one,) saves the bearings from wearing, lessens the labor of cleaning the cars, and many other benefits. There can be no possible objection to drawing this machine, for the lessening of the friction more than balances any objection to the weight of it. Yours, respectfully,

J. H. RAMSEY.

BAD TASTE.—The success of a recent publication, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. Stowe, is leading unscrupulous publishers to the re-publication of their old works, the scenes of which are laid in the South, with new titles, such as a "Companion to Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c. While we should like to see an answer to Mrs. Stowe's volume, by some Southern gentleman of acknowledged genius, we must protest against these attempts of the publishers to tack their old works to Mrs. Stowe's skirts. We say the "*publishers*," because we think the *authors* of the works in question, will be as much opposed as any one to these endeavors to sell their works by giving them new names, and setting them afloat in the current of a *lady's* popularity.

New Publications.

THE RECOVERY OF POLAND, by J. N. KRYCZINSKI.

We learn from the author, who is now receiving subscriptions in this city, that this valuable work upon that land whose misfortunes enlist so large a share of human sympathy, is shortly to be re-issued, with additional matter of the most interesting description. We notice in the list of subscribers to this eloquent book, the names of some of our most distinguished American scholars, among others Sparks and Prescott, the Historians, and the Poet Longfellow. We trust that Mr. Kryczinski, who is a fine writer and a gentleman of education and talent, will find in the support which his enterprise receives, some compensation for the sufferings endured in the cause of his native land. The children of Poland, though scattered over the earth, seem to preserve in all their wanderings, a faith in the future restoration of their country to her place among the nations; and this faith may yet work out its own fulfilment:—

"Poland! thou art not fallen! thy tyrants' wrong
Heaped round thee, may become an ægis strong,
To shelter thee when beats the storm once more!
Poland! thine iron ordeal shall be o'er!
By the unnumbered death cries that arose
Where the bright Vistula in stillness flows;
By all the wrongs of Warsaw's martyr'd band,
Who last for Freedom raised the patriot brand;
By glorious Sobieski's deathless name,
And by those dear and noble souls who came
To our new freedom-feast—Kosciusko brave,
And he who found on Georgia's soil a grave;
By these, and by the uncounted prayers that rise
Unceasingly to chill Siberia's skies—
Poland shall live—shall rise! Oh Righteous God!
Hear Thou her soul-sent prayers, and break the oppressor's rod!"

THE WHITE SLAVE; OR, MEMOIRS OF A FUGITIVE. Boston: Tappan & Whittemore. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler.

This is a new edition, with additional matter, of a book which appeared several years ago. It professes to be a narrative of the adventures of a nearly white fugitive slave, in escaping from servitude, and rescuing his wife and children.

THE HALF-YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. This valuable compendium of critical reports on the progress of medical science, with an analytical digest of foreign medical works, edited by W. H. RANKING, M. D.,—No. 15, from January to June—has been published by Lindsay & Blakiston. The matter in this Abstract is of great practical value.

WAVERLY NOVELS. ABBOTSFORD EDITION. "THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN," is issued by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY; OR, THE HISTORY OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY. An entirely new work. By the Berkeley men. With twenty authentic portraits. New York: Cornish, Lamport & Co.

This is an agreeably-written book, containing much interesting matter not before familiar, treated in an original style. The memoirs of various members of Bonaparte's family are written in an apparently impartial spirit, and, though all books upon Napoleon must be colored more or less with the peculiar temperament of their authors—since the "Man of Destiny" invariably makes either partisans or opponents—this work appears to be about as free from cavil as any we have read. It will be found, moreover, valuable as a complete collection of biographical data, relating to the entire Napoleon dynasty. We extract a few anecdotes:—

A MILITARY STRATAGEM.

In the midst of this great campaign, an incident occurred on which the fate of Europe for a moment hung. One of the flying divisions of Wurmser's army in passing Lonato, came up suddenly on Napoleon himself, with no protection but his staff and guards. The Austrian officer who went to demand a surrender, was taken blindfolded into the presence of the Commander-in-Chief. Napoleon saved himself by an *impromptu* stroke. At a secret sign, his staff closed around him. The bandage was stripped from the head of the messenger, and he found himself in the presence of Napoleon. "What insolence is this? Do you, even after defeat, beard the General of France in the midst of his army?" The terrified messenger went back to his Commander, related what he had seen, and 4,000 men at once laid down their arms, when, had they known the truth, a tithe of the number could have captured Napoleon and his officer, and put an end to the war.

THE BRIDGE OF ARCOLA.

The French General was now ready, and darting between the two Austrian divisions before Alvinzi knew that he had left Verona, he ordered Augereau at daybreak to carry the Bridge of Arcola. This movement, even to the intrepid Augereau, seemed to be courting annihilation. But he obeyed orders, and fought most gallantly. His column, however, at last wavered, and turned to fly, over the corpses of nearly half their comrades. One moment now lost would have been ruin. Napoleon dashed to the head of the column, snatched a standard, and cried out to his grenadiers, "Soldiers! are you no longer the brave warriors of Lodi?—Follow me." They rushed with him till they grappled the Austrian division. But the arrival of a fresh column of the enemy rendered it an impossibility to carry the Bridge *at that moment*. The French fell back, and Napoleon was himself seized by his grenadiers by the arms and clothes, and dragged along with them through the smoke, the dead and the dying, and hurled into a morass up to his waist. The Austrians were between him and his baffled column—the battle was decided, and Napoleon himself was lost! As the smoke rolled off, the army saw the position of their Commander. The grenadiers formed in an instant, and with the cry—"*Forward, soldiers, to save the General!*" launched themselves on the enemy like a bolt of fire. The Austrian column melted away, and was rolled from the Bridge—a blackened, bleeding ruin.

NAPOLEON AND WASHINGTON.

We should in another place have noticed an act of Napoleon, soon after he was first chosen Consul, which too many of his biographers have failed to record. While these turbulent scenes were then being enacted on the banks of the Seine, the Founder of the Young Republic of the West had peacefully breathed his last in the waveless repose of Mount Vernon, and his grave was wet with the tears of a nation's sorrow and gratitude. When Napoleon heard that he was no more, he said—"The great light of the world has gone out,"—and taking the pen in his hand, in the following *Order of the Day*, he thus announced the decease of the great patriot to the Consular Guard and the Armies of France: "Washington is dead. This great man fought against tyranny; he established the liberty of his country. His memory must always be dear to the French people, as well as to all the free of both worlds, and especially to the French soldiers, who, like him and his American troops, fight in defence of liberty and equality. Therefore, the First Consul has ordered, that for the space of ten days, crape shall be hung on all the colors and standards of the Republic."

THE MASKED BALL.

The following racy story is given on high authority by one of the biographers of Josephine: "During the carnival of that winter the masked balls at the opera were frequented by all the upper classes, and were particularly amusing. Josephine was very anxious to have Napoleon see one; but he would not go. 'Then I shall go without you, Mon Ami,' replied the Empress. 'Do as you like,' was the response, as the Emperor rose from the breakfast-table. At the appointed time Josephine left for the ball; but at the very moment she had set out, her husband sent for one of her femmes-de-chambre to learn exactly how she was dressed. With a game to play, the Emperor resolved to do his part well; so with Duroc, another officer, and his own favorite valet, all completely masked, he entered a common carriage, and, arm in arm, they went into the ball room. Napoleon was that night to have the name of Auguste, Duroc was to be Francois, &c. They made the tour of the departments undetected, and not a person resembling Josephine was visible. He was about leaving, [illegible] mask approached [illegible] he had to be [illegible] rassed, which being [illegible] somewhat embarrassed, harder repartees fell [illegible] and fast. The move[illegible] mingled in the giddy [illegible] electric movements of a *bal masqué*, but at every turn this mask whispered low in his ear, in State secrets, of little importance in itself, but startling to Napoleon. At last he exclaimed, after one of these whispers—'*Comment, diable*—Who are you?' And thus he was tormented for nearly an hour, till he could endure it no longer, when he withdrew in disdain and disgust. When he entered the palace that night, he learned that Josephine had some time before retired to her room. As they met next morning, Napoleon said—'So you were not at the ball, last night.' 'Indeed I was.' 'Oh, Josephine!' 'But I assure you I was there. And you, Mon Ami,' with a half-suppressed smile, she continued, 'what were you about all the evening?' 'I was in my cabinet,' said Napoleon. 'Oh, Auguste!' replied the Empress, with an arch gesture. The whole secret was out: Josephine had donned a new costume of which her femme-de-chambre knew nothing, and Napoleon enjoyed and repeated the joke a thousand times." It were all vain to hope that her husband, in any costume, could move without having his identity immediately detected by a woman of such keen perceptions as Josephine.

LECTURES ON THE RESULTS OF THE EXHIBITION, Delivered before the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, at the suggestion of H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT, President of the Society. Reprinted by A. Hart, Philadelphia.

This series of pamphlets comprises a dozen lectures, by Whewell, De la Beche, Owen, Playfair, Lindley, Solly, Bell, Willis, Glaisher, Hensman, Royle and Washington, Members and Professors of Scientific Societies in Great Britain. The subject matter embraces a review of the different departments of industry, with comparisons and deductions therefrom; forming a compendium of interesting data relative to the great World's Fair.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER; OR, THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE. A tale of the Chesapeake. By EMMA D. E. NEVITT SOUTHWORTH. Two vols. 12 mo. Philadelphia: A. Hart.

Our readers are pretty well acquainted with the merits of Mrs. Southworth, the talented author whose latest work is now appearing in the columns of the Post. The present edition of the "Discarded Daughter," is handsomely printed in the style of Hart's Library Novels, and is a book which will be eagerly sought by all lovers of good reading.

ENGLISH PERIODICALS.—*Sharpe's London Magazine, July* 1852.—This number has two steel engravings, and the opening chapters of a new tale by the editor, Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.—The June and July numbers of this interesting work contain a large amount of valuable matter.

Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country,—July 1852.—This is one of the most ably conducted of the British monthlies, claiming rank as a scholastic as well as literary publication.

☞ NOT VERY FLATTERING.—A lady who corresponds with the National Intelligencer, from London, writes as follows of Queen Victoria:—

"I have not seen her Majesty yet, but my friends met her early this morning at the Zoological Gardens. She was with Prince Albert, the Prince of Prussia, and two of her children. My friends thought her ugly, dowdy; walks badly, with a little limp, pottering about at every body, and dragging one of the children along. She was attired in a blue lawn, scalloped flounces, blue and white barege shawl, and *black gaiter boots!*"

☞ A fellow having been charged at Stockport with imposing upon a number of women by pretending to tell their fortunes, he gave the magistrates to understand that he was both deaf and dumb. The clerk wrote on a slate, "Can you read writing?" and the man wrote, "No." To the question, "Can you write?" he also answered in writing with "No." The foolish rogue was sent to the prison for three months.

☞ THE ERA BEFORE PENNY PAPERS.—The first newspaper published in Virginia cost fifty dollars a year. It was published weekly—and advertisements were inserted for ten dollars the first week, and seven dollars for each week after.

☞ General Cass says there are two things which you cannot teach an Indian—to fear death or earn a living. While Cato could not improve their stoicism, all the tax-gatherers in the world, he says, could not add a particle to their industry.

☞ The lately appointed Bishop of Nova Scotia applied to the government of that province to allow the soldiers of that garrison to *present arms* to him, which Sir John Harvey permitted until he heard from the Commander-in-Chief. The old Duke's answer was, "The only attention the soldiers are to pay the Bishop, is to his sermons."

Miscellaneous.

THE PILOT'S LOVE STORY.

BY HEZEKIAH RINGBOLT.

The pilot was advancing to that age when grasshoppers are considered burdensome—and it was his delight, when he had the ship snugly anchored amidst a fleet of oystermen, who were likewise seeking shelter, to roast and open a part of their cargoes by the cabin stove, and as he presented the savory food to the ladies, to amuse and horrify them with tales of love and shipwreck, in both of which misfortunes he never failed to represent himself as a prominent hero.

One evening the last oyster had been swallowed, the steward had cleared away the shells, and the pilot leaned back in his chair with a placid countenance, combining the satisfaction of the epicure with the memory of some touching incident of the past. In our previous conversation some slight allusion had been made to the clergy, and this touch had awakened a string in the discordant piano of his mind, which still vibrated when the subject had given place to something new.

Poor Sue Withers!

"Poor Sue Withers! well, I *hope* she's been happy!"

"What! pilot?"

The quick tone in which this interrogatory was put, had the effect upon him which the falling of a pair of tongs produces upon a sleeping cat. He started, rubbed his eyes, and then composing himself again, said—

"Ministers ain't to be trusted, especially Methodis' ones. Man and boy, forty years I've oystered, steamboated, wood coasted, and piloted on this bay; and for the first half of 'em there wasn't a happier chap than me. If there was a corn shuckin' along-shore anywhere, I was there; and if there was to be a wedding, folks thought it couldn't be done without Charley Mellen to kiss the bride and raise the floor dust. Chesapeake Bay couldn't ha' got along without me, no how. I could ha' married both sides of it all the way down, barring old Sim Keat's darter, at 'Naplis, who owned right up (and was the only gal I ever heard on that would do such a thing) that she was too mortal ugly to get married to anybody, though I think she might have made herself useful to a farmer to scare away crows. Afterwards she became a school-marm, and never had to use a stick.—She just looked at 'em.

"You may think I was braggin' of myself, but I wasn't. Ask Foxwell, or Green, or Johnson, or Tom Kelley, and anybody else as knows me—ask everybody. And yet, I don't know why the gals took such a fancy to me; I wa'n't uncommon beautiful, though I was perhaps the handsomest man on the bay. Some folks says I retains my good looks now—what do you think, Miss D———?"

"Why," replied the young lady, with much candor, "whatever you may have been in times past, Mr. Mellen, you can scarcely be considered as Adonis, *now*;" but wishing to soften the blow, she added, "in your maturer years there may be some of the Apollo left."

"Thank ye, ma'am," returned the pilot, "I never knew Dunas—one of your Eastern-shore folks, likely—and as to there bein' anything appealing about me—I take—I knows young ladies—I understands 'em—wasn't brought up on this bay for nothin'. No means yes, and yes means no—ah, poor Sue Withers! But there is one thing I want to know. Does the Methodis church provide for its widows and orphans. I never dared to ask the question in Baltimore, for fear they'd suspect me; but I should, oh, I *should* like to know!"

The last part of this speech was delivered in a manner sufficiently pathetic to have drawn tears from the eyes of a female oyster, and did not fail to produce its effect upon the two ladies, who, regretting their inability to solve his doubts, became so much interested as to ask—"Who was Sue Withers?"—a question which perhaps by this time had suggested itself to your mind.

The pilot drew himself bolt upright in his chair, gazed for an instant upon his auditory, and replied, in a husky voice—

"Susan Withers *ought* to be Mrs. Mellen, the happy wife of a confidin' husband, and the mother of—such a family as mought be—but she ain't—she's the Widder Jackson, with nine small children and two at the breast, and not a cent to bless herself or their selves with. Poor Sue Withers! Her mother did it; she didn't. Yes, I might have married any gal on either shore—but I waited for Sue till I was nigh upon forty year old, a-less'nin' my chance every year with the rest, in course. We was engaged, but wouldn't get married till I'd got something to-[illegible] on a coastin' vy'g[illegible] Down-E[illegible], (I've never liked [illegible] East since) and we got froze up in the Penobscot, same as we've been here in the Patapsco; and while I was thar, a sufferin' with the cold for her sake, it was done. Poor Sue Withers!

"The parson came along a 'tineratin'. He was a dreadful slick man, shaved reg'lar every day—talked so pretty in the pulpit, (he wa'n't one of your powerful's) and so much prettier out of it. So perlite he was to the women kind! Oh, he was a reg'lar eel-pot. He wouldn't take folks with a grip, but he'd suck 'em right in—he would. And he sucked the old woman in, he did, the knowin' creeter; and then it was all up for me, for Sue always towed right under the old woman's stern.

"Says she to herself, says she, 'What a thing it will be for Sue,' she says, 'Minister's wife! to have folks kind o' under her—to have him walk up to the front of pew with her after the rest is in and sot down, and have him turn round and button her in, and look as much as to say "that is my wife"—to be so respectable like, and to know all that's going on in the parish, too! And every now and then, for somebody to send her a basket of eggs, or a pair of chickens, or a leg of mutton, or a pig, or a load of wood, and "hope she'll *accept* of it." Whereas, all you can say of Mellen is, that he's handsome. He isn't nobody, and never will be anybody. Susan, take Mr. Jackson.' Sue took him—I was froze up in the Penobscot—my heart's been froze up ever since.

"I'll allow for the minister; he didn't know as how he was coming athwart my hawse, and consequently after he'd done it I forgiv' him, and used to go and hear him preach sometimes. I used to sit in the gallery, though, right over his pew, so I couldn't see her.

"He fell in with me in the street one day, and he wanted me to go to an inquiry meetin' to his house. Says I, 'I can't, but there is one inquiry, hows'ever, I'd like to make. Is [illegible] happy? Don't she ever say nothin about old times?' I got it out by jerks, though I thought the upper end of my heart would come out with it.

"The big tears started into the minister's eyes. So they did into mine. I put out my hand—he put out his'n. We both shook hard, but kindly. He used his cambric; I used my jacket sleeve. We slewed round together—he went up street; I went down. Poor, poor Sue Withers!"

At the conclusion of this melancholy story, the pilot resumed his semi-recumbent position; while sympathy for the misfortunes of Miss Withers, brought upon her by her mercenary mamma, was expressed by a suitable silence, interrupted only by the howl of the blast and the heavy pattering of rain upon the deck above. The only moistened cheeks on the occasion being those of the anchor-watch, who was seeking a partial lee under the topgallant bulwarks, far from the sound of the narrator's voice.—*Boston Journal.*

GENERAL INSENSIBILITY TO AN IMPORTANT TRUTH.—This, namely—that the misery of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year, the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily;—in all but the singularly fortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of a man's life are easily counted, and distinctly remembered. The happiness of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions—the little soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heart-felt compliment in the disguise of a playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.—*Coleridge.*

☞ The Knickerbocker says:—We were much amused to-day by an anecdote, new to us, of a clergyman in Georgia, who had often been accused of being a better planter than preacher. One Sabbath morning, during a season of excitement in the cotton market, and after a prayer of more than common length and fervency, which seemed to disturb somewhat his usual self-possession, he took up his hymn-book and devoutly said:—"You will please sing the fourtieth Psalm, second part, *long staple!*"

☞ When adversity assails you, don't grow cross. It prevents not only all sympathy for your misfortune, but also all offers of assistance. People of benevolent feeling are repulsed by your snappishness. They are obliged to stand afar off, lest you bite them. Take the matter, coolly, and like a Christian, and then God will help you—and your fellow men also.

SPANISH LOVERS.

Eleanora de Caravjal was the daughter of a very rich merchant at Seville, and was considered one of the loveliest of the Andalusian belles. Unlike most Southern ladies, she had the lofty stature of the North, joined to the dark-skinned complexion of the South, added to that air of langour which is so fascinating in the eyes of a lover. She had many fervent admirers; but none of them had arrested her attention, save two brothers, who were the most assiduous, one of whom she loved, while she hated the other.

The fortunate lover was named Alonzo: he was the junior brother of the unfortunate Don Diego de Parras, who had failed in his suit, after having, it was believed, been for several months the most distinguished among the dark-eyed Eleanora's aspirants.

But Don Diego was not the man to despond. The more the beautiful Andalusian appeared to shun him, the more he persevered. At length the day was fixed for the marriage of Alonzo and Eleanora.

As the bold and reckless character of Don Diego was well known, a terrible interlude was expected; though none were prepared to anticipate what it would be.

The eve of the expected day was come; the happy lovers were standing, hand in hand, under the trees of a garden walk, where the soft breeze from the Morena hills came and fanned their flushed cheeks, bearing along with it the fragrant aroma of the orange and the citron. The silver moon hung like a lamp above the magnificent mountain chain, revealing the whole blue ridge with its lofty peaks.

"How beautiful is this," sighed Eleanora, pressing her lover's hand; "all nature seems to harmonise with our loves; I never felt so happy before. Ah, Alonzo! why dost thou tremble?"

"A strange presentiment of evil—I cannot tell why, has stolen into my heart; I fear that some calamity will step in between us, and snatch thee from me."

"Fear nothing, Alonzo," replied the Spanish girl. "Hark! the clock strikes ten. In two hours more the day will begin which is to unite us forever."

"Would it were come," said Alonzo; "alas, I fear it will never dawn for me."

"But it will dawn, and the lovely moon, with its brightest beams, presages to me that it will be the brightest day I have ever known. Cheer up, Alonzo,—I love thee with my whole heart,—thee, and thee alone. Still thy hand trembles!"

"I am thinking of poor Diego. Hark! did you hear nothing, Eleanora?"

"Nothing, my Alonzo."

"I thought something stirred behind that orange tree; it must have been my fancy—there it is again; it must be something real—a sigh, Eleanora—what can it mean?"

"I heard nothing, Alonzo; I am thinking only of thee."

"Let us see, however, what it is," said the lover.

They moved towards the orange tree, and just as they stood before it, Alonzo perceived something bright sticking up out of the ground; he stooped and put out his hand.

It was a dagger. A piece of white paper, stained with blood, was fastened to the hilt, with these words traced in red:

"Faithless Eleanora! this is my wedding gift to thee, written in my own blood.
"DIEGO."

The maiden sank to the ground in a fit, and as they bore her to the house, one of the servants knocked against an obstacle in the pathway.

It was the body of the unfortunate Diego!

CHARGING A SQUARE.—Colonel L.——— commanded one of the six regiments of volunteers which were raised in Louisiana, after the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and which joined General Taylor's army speedily. The Colonel was an old disciplinarian, very strict and capable, and in a short time his regiment excited the admiration of even veteran regular officers by the ease and precision with which it drilled and manœuvred.

One morning the regiment was drawn up, and the men were standing at ease, after a variety of marches and charges and evolutions, when the Colonel took it into his head to put their discipline to a strong test. The regiment was thrown into square to receive cavalry. The commander rode off a few hundred yards, and then wheeling his horse, came down, sword in hand, at a fierce gallop, straight at his men. He and his steed formed an imposing-looking object, for he was a big man, and his steed was a big horse, and neither appeared to fear the glittering and bristling array of bayonets against which they were rushing. The men [illegible] the charge very well until the horse and his rider were within a few feet; they then wavered right and left in confusion, and opened a broad passage for the "cavalry" into their ranks.

Of course, the Colonel was wroth, and the way the men and officers caught it for a few moments, was by no means agreeable to their feelings.

"You form a square! You repel cavalry! Why, what would you have done if a thousand dragoons had charged you as I did?"

"Well, just try us again, Colonel, and see if we don't hurt your feelings!" cried a number of the discomfited volunteers.

The square was again formed; off rode the Colonel; round he wheeled, and here he came again, at full speed, rushing straight at the bayonets, and looking as if he would crush them to powder under his charger's heels. The bayonets wavered not, though; the horse came faster, and finally, with a terrible bound, sprang at the square. The square stood the shock; and the next moment the horse was stretched on the ground, with a broken bayonet in his side, and his limbs quivering in the death agony, whilst the stout rider lay, with his foot and knee caught, and himself unable to rise. Not a man moved—the square was silent, steady and unbroken. In another instant the Colonel was on his feet. He replaced his sword in the scabbard, looked gravely and coolly at the dead horse, and at the firm array of soldiers, and then said, in his usual quiet way:

"Very well done, boys—both the horse and the square did their duty. Now you're ready for the lancers."

The men cheered—not a little.—*N. O. Pic.*

Clippings.

☞ "That was excellently observed," says I, when I read a passage in an author, where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.—*Swift.*

☞ SECRET SYMPATHY.—There are moments when some stormy impulse will force the heart to declare the long-buried thoughts of years—perhaps some secret instinct tells us that we are near to those who can sympathize and feel for us—perhaps these are the overflowings of grief, without which the heart would grow full to bursting.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

☞ A DOSE.—Three small boys went into an apothecary's a few days since, when the urchin cried out—

"A cent's worth of rock candy."

"Don't sell a cent's worth," was the reply.

The boys adjourned outside, and held a consultation, and then entered, all smiling.

"Do you sell three cents worth?"

"Yes, I will sell three cents worth."

"Well, we han't got them," was the quick response, as the boys left the store.

☞ RARE PHENOMENON.—The present month of July is distinguished by the very rare phenomenon of *two* full moons; the first on the first day, and the second on the thirtieth. Such an occurrence happens only at long intervals. Two full moons in one month, we believe, have not been witnessed since 1787—sixty five years ago.

☞ EMIGRATION.—The emigration from Great Britain and Ireland will be, for this year, 1852, but little short, if anything, of five hundred thousand individuals.

☞ Sir Thomas Browne says:—"Be thou substantially great in thyself, and greater than thou appearest unto others; and let the world be deceived in thee as it is in the light of Heaven."

☞ It is said that some planters in Cuba have contracted with an English house for the importation of eight thousand Chinese laborers, who are to receive four dollars a month for eight years!

☞ AFFECTION.—They tell a story of an affectionate Irishman who once enlisted in the 75th regiment, in order to be near his brother, who was corporal in the 76th.

☞ PROFITS.—Stevens, of the Revere House, Boston, has cleared $175,000 in his business in two years.

☞ The reason why Mrs. Jenny Goldschmidt declines to make any appearance in public "is not entirely a professional one," says the Home Journal.

☞ The Boston Post says that two kinds of eggs are used in making "Tom and Jerry," namely, hen's eggs and nutm*eggs*.

☞ One thing is quite clear, that whether Fortune be more like Plutus or an angel, it is no use abusing her; one may as well throw stones at a star.

General News.

CALIFORNIA.—Advices from California give particulars of a great conflagration at Sonora; loss estimated at $2,000,000.

EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.—Horace Cole, Esq., and other San Francisco merchants, contemplated fitting out an expedition to Japan. For this purpose, they will purchase and fit out an elegant clipper vessel, and at once sail for Hong Kong, where they will remain till such time as the American Squadron, under command of Commodore Aulick, shall proceed, in accordance with instructions, to the port of Jeddo, for the purpose of opening a commercial intercourse with the Japanese Government, and in the event of making commercial treaties, be the first under the protection of the American flag, to take advantage of the newly-opened field of commerce.

THE DESERTERS WHO KILLED COL. CRAIG.—The Indian Chieftain, Pablito, in their capture, exhibited quite an amount of tact and cunning. He first bought and paid for the muskets with which the prisoners were armed, and was quietly engaged in examining their only revolver, which they declined disposing of, when he told them they were his prisoners. Manifesting a disposition to resist, they were instantly surrounded by a flock of hitherto unseen Indians, who, with drawn bows, threatened instant death in case of resistance. The prisoners are a part of the celebrated detachment of recruits that arrived here from the States a few months since, in the steamer California, and who commenced their military career and signalized themselves by very gross and bad behaviour during their voyage, and by attacking the police authorities of the British town of Kingston, during the temporary detention of the steamer at that port. Some of their officers, in the attempt to quell the riot, were roughly handled; and the second day after their arrival at this place, but for the active and energetic determination of Maj. McKinstry and Dr. Summers, of the Army, Old Town would have been the scene of a riot equally as disgraceful as the one that occurred in Kingston.

OREGON.—We have advices to the 22nd of June, but they are of minor interest. The election in the Territory took place on the 7th of that month. The Oregon Statesman (Democratic) says that the returns are not all in, but enough are received to insure a Democratic majority in both branches of the Legislature.

The Senate will probably have seven Democrats to two Whigs, whilst in the Lower House the Democratic majority cannot be less than six or eight. There were but twenty-five members to be elected, and, so far as known, the Whigs had secured but nine. The Democratic majority in the popular vote is very heavy. A private letter says that the issue was rather between "law and order" and nullification, the former being triumphant.

SALT LAKE AND CARSON VALLEY.—Officer Wm. Mace, who went in pursuit of Heatherly, the murderer of Solomon Sharp, returned to this city from Carson Valley on Thursday night, which place he left last Sunday. Upon his arrival there, Heatherly had left on the emigrant trail towards Salt Lake, five days ahead. He is supposed to be connected with a systematically organized band of thieves, who will be likely to commit considerable depredations upon the emigrants East of the mountains.

Several large trains of Mormons from Salt Lake had reached the Valley; one train on Saturday, with about 600 head of remarkably fine loose cattle. In fact, they are all well supplied with stock. They have with them their families, and express themselves exceedingly dissatisfied with the state of things existing at Deseret. Many of them experienced great difficulty in getting away, being harassed by vexatious and unfounded suits, and their cattle seized.—Hundreds have, in this way, been prevented from leaving, who otherwise would.

Brigham Young has left Salt Lake, with a hundred men, in search of a new settlement for the Mormons. Such is his avowed object, but his real aim is to be out of the way when the new Governor comes. All of them speak in the hardest terms of him. He is said to have taken with him some two or three hundred thousand dollars. Those in Carson Valley had renounced their religion, and determined to settle permanently in California. Hundreds will do likewise as soon as they can leave.

CONSUL RICE AND THE AMERICAN AUTHORITIES AT ACAPULCO.—Passengers by the steamer United States say that there was much excitement at Acapulco, growing out of the proceedings against U. S. Consul Rice. American citizens touching at that port find it difficult to restrain manifestations of their resentment, which could only lead to lamentable results. The Representatives of Great Britain and other foreign powers there do not hesitate to declare the proceedings of the Mexican authorities arbitrary, uncalled for, unprecedented, contrary to the usages of all civilized nations, and deserving the most rigorous measures of retaliation. The correspondence between Mr. Rice and Al Senor Matilde Romero, Promoter Fiscal of the District of Guerrero, Mexico, is published. Romero says that the Mexican General Government has nothing to do with Mr. Rice's imprisonment, and he imagines it results only from private pique of the Judge at Acapulco. Mr. Rice says, in reply, that he is equally ignorant of the cause of his detention in prison. He adds—

Yesterday, June 11th, at 8½, A. M., a guard of soldiers, *under the command of a sergeant*, surrounded my house, the sergeant informing me that he had orders from the commandant to take me to prison. I asked him to produce his order, otherwise that I should refuse to go but by force. He replied in an insulting manner, that if I did not come forthwith he would drag me from my house. I had been sick, under the care of Dr. Drinklage, for five days, and at the time of my arrest, had scarcely strength to stand. Whilst I was dressing, the soldiers used the most insulting language towards me, saying, "let us go in and drag him out if he does not come soon—he is nothing but a d—d Yankee," and conducted themselves in such a menacing manner, that my wife, who had been sick for a week past, was so much frightened as to seriously endanger her health, if not her life.

I was marched to the Court House by the guard of about fifteen soldiers, and delivered over to the Judge of the Court of First Instance, who refused to receive me, saying he knew nothing of the matter. The sergeant of the guard then produced an order from the Judge of the District Court for my arrest, without mentioning any cause for the proceeding. Upon this the Judge of First Instance sent to the District Judge for instructions, and an order came to imprison me in the prison of the Juzgado, a little room, as you know, of not a dozen square feet, which is used for drunken men and criminals of the lowest order; which has neither window nor light, and is too filthy for any man to exist long in, and which at that moment had people in it that had been picked up beastly drunk in the streets. The jailor, however, said he would not take the responsibility of confining me in such a place, but gave me the use of his own room.

I have now been here twenty-four hours—as yet no charge having been made against me, no food nor water being given me, nor bed to sleep upon, nor light. The soldiers have been all night in the door of my room, whistling, singing and talking, although I am now under the charge of Dr. Drinklage, as my physician, and am unable to bear the least noise without pain. I have struck my flag—the flag of the United States—closed my office, and hereby notify the military power of this Division, that I shall not open it again until so ordered by the United States Government.

The State Department, it is said, has already taken measures to have Mr. Rice released. Romero calls this act of imprisonment an abuse of authority—a crime; and he protests against it. In a letter, to the Judge, he says—

If the reports above mentioned are true the Court will not only be compromised, but, to a certain degree, decorum will be outraged, and the good name of the country be made to suffer. This compels me to ask in due form, and in the fulfilment of my duties, if it be true the said Consul is imprisoned by your order, and, above all, if he is charged with any crime against the Nation; and if so, that you will cause the proceedings to be passed to me, that I may act according to law, so that no disagreeable consequences may arise from the step taken against the Consul.

CLAY OBSEQUIES IN NEW YORK—New York, July 20.—The funeral procession in this city this afternoon, in honor of the lamented Henry Clay, was a most solemn and imposing display. The weather was beautiful, and the streets were thronged with spectators. The procession was the largest ever beheld in New York. There was an immense turn out of the military, the largest probably that has ever taken place. A magnificent funeral car was drawn by eight white horses, draped with black cloth, and led by grooms in black garments. Surrounding the car was a guard of honor, composed of the Light Guards. The buildings on the main streets were profusely dressed with mourning, and in every respect the occasion was one of marked solemnity, eminently suited to the sad event which called forth the demonstration. The Masonic fraternity and the various Clay Clubs turned out in large numbers, and constituted a most interesting feature in the pageant.

TERRIBLE RIOT IN BALTIMORE.—The Baltimore papers contain accounts of a disgraceful riot in that city on Saturday night, between two fire companies, the New Market and the United. They met near the intersection of Howard and Baltimore Streets, and fought for three hours. Muskets and pistols were freely used, and all sorts of missiles were hurled by the contending parties.

The fight was renewed between 4 and 5, A. M., on Sunday, and lasted till 7 o'clock. A number of persons were wounded. Among them, Walter Sparks received a pistol ball under his eye, and Richard Hinton one in his arm. Mr. F. D. Didier, a merchant, while looking on at the fight, was shot in the face, and is lying in a dangerous condition. The police seem to have been either wilfully negligent or wholly inefficient. Only one man was arrested.—*Bulletin.*

THE FISHERY QUESTION—New York, July 23.—A memorial, which has been numerously signed by our most influential citizens, is about to be sent to President Fillmore, representing that the fisheries on the North American coast now employ 2,100 vessels, 30,000 seamen, and $12,000,000 of capital, and that the new construction of the treaty of 1818 by England will totally ruin the business. The document prays the President to send a naval force to the British North American coast, to protect the fishermen.

NEW ORLEANS, July 19.—The correspondence between the American Consul at Matamoros and General Avalos, respecting the recent outrage committed, in firing into the steamer Camanche, has been published. Avalos justified the affair, and in threatening language, intimates that while the revolutionary leaders of Mexico receive American protection, those living on the American frontier must not expect security.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, July 24, 1852.

REMARKS—Business has been very quiet during the past week, and a large number of the mercantile community continue absent from the city. Cotton has been in better demand, and holders have been enabled to realize a slight improvement in prices. Breadstuffs are held firmly, but the transactions have been quite moderate. Coffee and Sugar are in moderate request at steady prices, but Molasses is neglected and prices are drooping. The stock of all descriptions of Provisions is now materially reduced, and prices have rather an upward tendency. In Seeds there has been little or nothing doing. Tobacco is in limited request at steady rates. Wool is arriving more freely, and meets a good demand at full rates. In Freights there is rather more doing, but to foreign ports the rates continue to rule low. Colliers are more abundant. There is no change to notice in the Money market. Capital is abundant, with every probability of its continuing so for months to come. Exchange on England is steady at 110a110½.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been a moderate demand for Flour during the past week, both for export and city consumption; but at the close prices are 12½c per bbl lower. The sales for shipment comprise about 8,000 bbls at $4 per bbl for Western; $4a4,12½ for Pennsylvania; $4,12½a4,25 for fresh ground, and $4,37½a4,75 for extra, including 1,500 bbls Patterson's extra at $4,50. The sales for the supply of the retailers and bakers have been within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour is scarce, and sells in lots at $3,50a3,76½. Corn Meal has been in better demand, and prices have slightly improved; sales of 2,500 bbls at $3,12½a3,25 per bbl for Pennsylvania, and $3,25a3,31¼ for Brandywine, closing at the latter quotations.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been to a fair extent, and with moderate inquiry, prices have been steadily maintained; sales of 26,000 bushels prime white at $1.07 per bushel, afloat, including 5,000 bushels in store at $1,04, and new and old red at 95a97c. Rye is scarce and wanted; small sales at 81a83c. The supply of Corn has been small, and there is a good demand; about 15,000 bushels yellow sold at 64a65c, afloat, and a load to-day at 66c. Oats are in demand, and have advanced; sales of 8,000 bushels Pennsylvania at 45a46c per bushel, afloat and in store, and some Southern at 44c.

PROVISIONS—Pork is firm. Small sales of Mess at $20, and Prime at $18 per bbl. City packed Mess Beef sells in lots at $18a19. Bacon—Prices have an upward tendency. Sales of Hams at 10a12c; Sides 10½a11, and Shoulders at 9c. Lard has been in good demand, and large sales of bbls have been made at 11a11c, kegs are held at 11½a12 cts per lb. Prices of Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been rather more business doing, both among the Jobbing and Commission Houses, and a number of the Western dealers have commenced purchasing their Fall supplies.

BARK—There is a moderate demand for Quercitron Bark, and holders are firm. Sales of 120 hhds No 1 at $24,50 per ton. Several lots of Spanish Oak at $13 per cord.

BEESWAX—Continues scarce. Small sales of good Yellow at 26a26½c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—Sales of Sperm in lots at 40c, and Adamantine at 20a26c per lb, as in quality.

COAL—The demand has become less active, but holders are firm, and generally indifferent about making large contracts at present quotations. The supplies both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh Mines continue large. Several lots of Allegheny Bituminous Coal sold at 18a18½c per bushel.

COFFEE—The market has been very quiet, and the prices are steady. Sales of 1,800 bags Laguayra and Rio at 9½a9¾c per lb, on time, and Java at 11½c.

COPPER—The demand is limited, both for Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal, but holders are firm at our last quotations.

COTTON—The stock of Cotton here and at all the ports upon the seaboard is now materially reduced. There has been an increased demand, and holders have been enabled to obtain an advance upon the rates current at the close of last week. The sales comprise about 1,600 bales Upland, Tennessee and New Orleans at 9½a13c per lb, on time.

The movement of the Cotton crop to date is—

	1852.	1851.
Receipts at the ports, bales	2,979,000	2,298,000
Exports to Great Britain	1,608,000	1,332,000
Do to France	417,000	292,000
Do to other foreign ports	339,000	250,000
Total Exports	2,364,000	1,874,000
Stock on hand	134,000	194,000

The growing crop continues to look well. The weather at the South has been generally auspicious.

DRUGS AND DYES—There is but a small business doing, and no transactions worthy of notice have been reported.

FEATHERS are steady; small sales of good Western at 37a38c per lb, cash.

FISH—Prices of Mackerel are higher, and there is rather more inquiry from store. Sales of No 1 at $12 per bbl; No 2 $10,50, and large No 3 at $6 50. In Codfish no change. A sale of Pickled Herring on terms not made public.

FRUIT—The market has been very quiet, and the sales are mostly confined to small lots from store at steady prices.

GINSENG—Crude is scarce, and no sales have come under our notice, except in small lots at [illegible] per lb.

HEMP—The market is inactive, and no sales have transpired.

HIDES—An import of Laguayra has been taken before arrival on terms not made public.

HOPS—Are in limited request at 50a52c per lb for first sort.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, but no transactions have come under our notice.

IRON—There is but little inquiry for Pig Metal, and the sales are mostly confined to 800 tons Anthracite at $20a21 per ton, 6 mos, for No 1, and $19a20 for No 2. No sales of Scotch Pig Iron reported.—Prices of Boiler Iron, Bars and Blooms are unchanged.

LEAD—The market is dull, and no sales of foreign Lead have transpired. Sales of 1,600 pigs Galena at $4,87½a4 85 per 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER—Is in good demand, and with a reduced stock, prices are fully maintained.

LUMBER—The supplies are falling off, but prices remain without change. Sales of Laths at $1,62½a1,75 per M.

There were shipped by Lehigh Canal for the week ending 17th inst.

For the week ending 17th inst.	Feet	1,799,768
Previously		23,192,193
Total this year		24,991,961

MOLASSES—The market is dull and inactive, and prices rather drooping. A cargo of Cuba sold at about 19½c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Sale of 1,000 bbls Rosin at $1,35 per bbl for common, and $2,25a2,50 for Soap. Prices of Tar and Pitch are steady. Spirits of Turpentine is lower, and considerable sales have been made at 42a43c per gallon.

PLASTER—Has advanced. Two imports of Soft sold at $2,37½a2 50 per ton.

RICE—Is held firmly. Sales in lots at 4½a4¾ cents per lb.

SALT—All the recent arrivals, comprising about 10,000 sacks Liverpool Ground and Fine, have been disposed of on terms kept private.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is scarce; small sales at $5 per 64 lbs. Prices of Timothy and Flaxseed are unchanged.

SPICES—No large transactions have been reported.

SPIRITS—The sales of Brandy and Gin are only in small lots, without change in prices. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 26a27c. Whiskey is in steady demand at 23c in bbls. Hhds sell slowly at the same figure.

SUGAR—There has been a moderate inquiry, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 1,200 hhds New Orleans and Cuba at 4½a5½c per lb, on time, and 400 boxes Havana on terms not made public.

TALLOW—Continues scarce; we quote Rendered at 8½a9c per lb.

TEAS—The sales are limited, without change in prices.

TOBACCO—The market is very quiet, and the sales of both Leaf and Manufactured are confined to small lots for the supply of the home trade.

WINES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

WOOL—The receipts from the West are quite moderate. There is a good demand, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 120,000 lbs at 34a55c per lb, 6 months.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool 1s 3d per bbl is the rate for Flour; 3½d per bushel for Grain, and 12s 6da15s for Provisions. Colliers are more abundant. Shipments to Boston at $1,50a1,62½; Rhode Island $1,30, and to New York at 90c.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 20 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6' '56	107	—	Kensington	61½	—
" '62	112	—	P Township	30½	—
" '67	117½	118	Girard	12½	13
" '68	117½	118	Western	66	—
" 5s '53	101	102	Man & Mechs	28½	28¾
" '65	105½	107	Bk of Com	48	—
July Interest off			Camden N J	58	60
Philada 6s	104	105	Germantown	62½	—
" 5s	91	—	Trent Bk Co	35	—
" " Gas	103	104	Pitts'bg Bk	54	—
County 5s	92	—	M & M Pitts	54	—
Penna 6s	102	102½	Exchange, Pitts	52	—
" 5s	95½	95¾	Com, Cin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Louis, Ky	112	—
Tennessee 5s	91	—	Kentucky Bk	106	—
Illinois 6s	80	—	Northern	115½	—
Cincinnati 6s	100	—	Union, Tenn	73	75
TexasTNotes	3½	4½	Planters, Tenn	75½	—
" bds 5s	57	60	Vicksburg	14½	15
Schuyl N 6s	71½	71¾	Com, Natchez	—	—
" 1st	53½	53¾	N O Gas Bk	109	112
Lehigh N 6s	92	92½	Schuyl Nav	14	15
" 1st loan	93	93½	Lehigh Nav	48	49
" Mort 6s	96	—	C & Del Cal	105	106
C & D C'l 6s	105½	106½	Morris Cl	13	13½
C & Am R bds	102½	103	Penn&Ohio Cl	24	30
Bea Mdw R 6s	84	85	Union Cl	12	12½
Susqueh Cl 6s	72	72½	Cam&Am R	140	—
Norrist'n R 6s	95	96	Penna R	45	45½
Harris R 6s	93	94	Bea Mdw R	30	30½
Wil R 6s	95½	96	Lykens Val R	15	—
Read R 6s	87½	88	North Am Cl	11½	12
" Mort 6s	92½	93	Susqueh Cl	12½	13
U S Bk Notes	90	—	Norristown R	48½	—
U S Bk Shares	4	4½	Harrisburg R	46	46½
N Amer Bk	153	155	Wilmington R	31½	33
Penna Bk	115½	116	Reading R	44½	43½
Philadelphia	138	138½	Minehill R	75½	76
Far & Mec	71½	72	N Liberty Gas	30	35
Commercial	62½	—	Flem Copper	½	—
N Liberty	49	50	N J Copper	1	—
Mechanics	30½	30¾	N W Min Co	—	[illegible]
Southwark	77	—			

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 26.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,500 head. Beeves are selling from $7,50 to 9,00 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 600 head in market, and sold from $7,00 to 8,00 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 190 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $13 to 45. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2,50 to 4,00; the latter from $2 to 3,00, according to quality.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commence, this week, a new novelet by Mrs. Southworth, entitled:—

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.
BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Viola—

CLARA MORELAND,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the ENGLISH PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GENERAL NEWS, COMIC AND OTHER ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c.—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 19th, the Senate met at 12, M., when petitions were presented; one in favor of the Land Distribution Bill, another for a Copy Right Law, signed by Cooper, Bryant, Irving, and other American authors.

Mr. Davis reported a bill, authorizing the Secretary of War to purchase a lot of ground adjoining the United States Arsenal at Baton Rouge; which was taken up, and, after debate, ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Hamlin offered a resolution, requesting the Secretary of State to communicate to the Senate, at its next session, all diplomatic or consular correspondence containing information relative to our commercial regulations with foreign countries.

Mr. James gave notice of a bill relating to appraisements of merchandize, to prevent fraud in the valuation of imports, and for other purposes.

Mr. Mason submitted a resolution, to the effect that the President be requested to communicate to the Senate the correspondence between the Governments of the United States and Mexico, in regard to a right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, granted by Mexico to a Mexican citizen, and which grant, by subsequent assignments, was transferred to a citizen of the United States; embracing all the information in the possession of the Executive concerning the alleged abrogation of such grant by Mexico, the discontinuance of the work and the expulsion of those engaged in it, together with all documents connected therewith. Also, all correspondence between the Governments in relation to any proposed treaty on the subject. Mr. Mason explained the whole circumstances attending the Garay grant and the expulsion of the American grantees. The resolution, after some remarks, was adopted.

Mr. Bell's resolution, requesting the Secretary of the Navy to communicate to the Senate a copy of a memoir concerning the landing of the troops at Vera Cruz, in 1847, written by Lieutenant Temple, was called up. After some discussion, the subject was postponed, and the Deficiency Bill was taken up. The House had refused to agree to the Senate amendments appropriating $50,000 for the pay and mileage of Senators. Mr. Hunter made some remarks, and moved that the Senate insist on its amendment. Agreed to unanimously; and Messrs. Hunter, James, and Upham, were appointed a Committee on Conference.

On motion of Mr. Gwin the Senate went into Executive Session, and in one hour and a-half thereafter adjourned.

On the 20th, Mr. Chase and Mr. Fish presented petitions in favor of the Homestead Bill.

Mr. Fish presented a petition of merchants and others of New York, praying the recognition of the independence of Hayti.

Mr. James introduced his bill for amending the tariff laws, which provides as follows:—In all cases where there is, or shall be, imposed any advalorem rate of duty on any goods, wares or merchandize imported into the United States, it shall be the duty of the Collector, within whose district the same shall be imported and entered, to cause the actual market value or wholesale price thereof, in the principal markets of the United States, to be taken as the true value at the port where the same may be entered, upon which, duties shall be assessed. Provided, That the actual market value or wholesale prices of all imported merchandize paying duty, shall be ascertained by the Secretary of the Treasury, with the aid of the appraiser appointed by virtue of the third section of the Act of March 3rd 1851, entitled "An Act to amend the Act regulating the [illegible] average, wholesale prices of all articles imported during the five preceding years, to be ascertained and determined, from which the duty paid thereon is to be deducted, and the result thereof arranged under appropriate schedules, and declare annually, at the close of each fiscal year, as the actual dutiable value on which the duties imposed by law shall be exacted for the next succeeding year.

"Section 2. And be it further enacted, That each and every non-enumerated article which bears a similitude either in material, quality, texture, or the use to which it may be applied, to any enumerated article, shall be classed with the enumerated article which it most resembles, in any of the particulars before-mentioned; and if any non-enumerated article equally resembles two or more enumerated articles on which different rates of duties are imposed, such non-enumerated article shall be classed with the article which it most resembles, paying the highest rates of duty; and all articles manufactured from two or more materials, shall be classed with the article assessed at the highest rates at which any of its component parts may be chargeable.

"Section 3. And be it further enacted, That this Act shall take effect on and after the first day of —— next; and all Acts and parts of Acts inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, be, and the same are hereby repealed."

The Bill also provides that chemicals, dye stuffs, drugs, raw silk, tin and paper stuff, shall be free. The bill was referred to the Finance Committee.

The resolution for the purchase of Catlin's collection of paintings of Indians, was taken up.

Mr. Seward spoke at length in favor of the resolution. In the course of his remarks, he adverted to a letter lately received from Catlin, bringing the intelligence that he has sunk under the pressure of debts, and is now confined in an English prison, while his collection is to be sold under execution. He earnestly pressed the importance and urgency of some measure to prevent this American collection falling into the hands of a foreign Government.

Mr. Clemens opposed the resolution, contending that the painting now in this city, by Mr. Stanley, was better.

After some further discussion, the subject was laid on the table—yeas 26, nays 20.

On motion of Mr. Downs, the Senate took up the bill granting land to Louisiana, for a railroad from Shreveport to the Mississippi River, opposite Vicksburg, and it was ordered to be engrossed.

The bill providing for three regiments of volunteers to protect the emigrant route, carry mails, and protect a telegraph line to California, by military stations along the road, was taken up.

Mr. Rusk and Mr. Brodhead offered substitutes for the bill, and it was then referred to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Weller offered a resolution, which was agreed to, that the President be requested to communicate all information in his possession, relating to recent difficulties between the American Consul and local authorities at Acapulco, Mexico.

The bill to provide additional security for the lives and property of persons navigating the Western waters was taken up, amended, and ordered to be engrossed.

On motion of Mr. Weller, the Senate took up the bill to authorize the payment, by the Surveyor General of California, for the surveys which may be executed of any claims which have been or may be presented to the Board of Private Land Claim Commissioners. After a debate on some of the details of the bill, it was amended and then postponed.

A bill for the relief of the town of Bellevue, Iowa, was taken up and passed. Adjourned.

On the 21st, after some petitions had been presented, Mr. Clarke offered a resolution, calling for information respecting the operations by the commission appointed to run the Mexican boundary.

Mr. Wade introduced a bill for the improvement of, and establishment of a line of settlements along the emigrant route to Oregon.

Mr. Sumner offered a resolution, which was agreed to, calling for copies of all the correspondence with the State Department, by foreign governments, respecting the reduction of ocean postage.

Mr. Shields moved to take up Miss Dix's bill, granting land for the benefit of the indigent insane. Lost—yeas 17, nays 22.

Mr. Shields moved that a resolution of the House, fixing the day for adjournment, be taken up. He was still of opinion that it would be indiscreet and unwise for the Senate to act on it, but as Mr. Soule, whose health was bad, desired some action on it before he left the city, he would, for his convenience, move to take it up.

The motion was agreed to.

A long debate ensued, during which the Military Academy Bill was received from the House, and referred to the Finance Committee.

Mr. Borland and Mr. Downs advocated the 31st as the day for adjournment, and the amendment of Mr. Smith fixing that day, was agreed to by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Borland, Bright, Brooke, Brodhead, Cass, Chase, Clarke, Clemens, Dawson, Dodge, of Wisconsin, Downs, Felch, Foot, Geyer, Hunter, James, Jones, of Iowa, Meriwether, Miller, Pearce, Sebastian, Seward, Shields, Smith, Spruance, Stockton, Upham, Weller—28.

Nays—Messrs. Adams, Atchison, Bayard, Bell, Butler, Charlton, Davis, Dawson, Dodge, of Iowa, Douglass, Fish, Gwinn, Hamlin, Houston, King, Mason, Morris, Pratt, Rusk, Soule, Sumner, Toucey, Wade—23.

Mr. Gwinn moved to postpone the resolution one week; lost—yeas 15, nays 30—so the resolution was passed.

A bill concurring in the payment for Surveys of Private Land Claims in California, was taken up and debated.

The question being taken on the amendment, only 19 Senators voted. This being less than a quorum, the Senate adjourned.

On the 22d, Mr. Gwin submitted a resolution, calling for information as to the expense of the survey of the coast of California and contiguous islands.—Adopted.

The bill allowing exchanges of and granting additional school lands, in the several States which contain public lands, and for other purposes, was taken up. The bill grants an additional section in each township to the States, for school purposes. Ordered to be engrossed.

On motion of Mr. Felch, the Senate took up the bill, granting to Michigan land for the construction of a ship canal around the Falls of the Saute St. Marie.

Mr. Felch offered a substitute for the bill, omitting the grant of public land and providing, in place thereof, that the Secretary of War contract with the lowest bidder for the construction of a ship canal, 100 feet wide and 12 feet deep, with single locks, 325 feet long and 75 wide; the cost of said canal not to exceed $400,000.

After some further discussion, during which Mr. Smith addressed the Senate at length in support of the bill, and read many statistics, showing the inexhaustible iron, copper and silver mines of the Lake Superior region. The subject was then postponed; and after a short Executive Session, the Senate adjourned.

On the 23rd, Mr. Seward presented additional documents in support of an application for a line of steamers between Brooklyn and Bremen.

Mr. Hunter reported back the Military Academy Bill with some slight amendments.

The bill was taken up and the amendments agreed to, after which it was ordered to be read a third time.

Mr. Mason offered resolutions calling for copies of all correspondence with England since the treaty of 1818, touching the fisheries of the coast of North America. Also, that the President communicate to the Senate whether he has ordered any of the U. States naval forces there, for the protection of the rights of American citizens.

Mr. Mason submitted the following resolution:—

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to communicate to the Senate, if not incompatible with the public interest, all correspondence on file in the Executive Departments, with the Government of England, or its diplomatic representatives since the Convention between the United States and Great Britain, of October 20th, 1818, touching the fisheries on the coasts of the British possessions in North America, and the rights of citizens of the United States engaged in such fisheries, as secured by said Convention, and that the President be also requested to inform the Senate whether any of the naval forces of the United States have been ordered to the seas adjacent to the British possessions in North America, to protect the rights of American fishermen, under said Convention of 1818, since the receipt of the intelligence that a large and unusual British naval force has been ordered there to enforce certain alleged rights of Great Britain under said Convention.

This resolution was supported by Mr. Mason in an earnest speech, in which he took strong American ground, and conjectured that the British Government had sent her naval force into our waters, in order to influence certain negotiations now pending between the two governments, (relative to a reciprocity trade with the colonies.) He concluded, by asking, "What does this mean? I know what these negotiations are; but if it means anything, it means that we are to negotiate under duress. Aye, sir, this day, that this great people, covering a continent—numbering five-and-twenty millions—are to negotiate with a foreign fleet on our coast. I know not what the President has done—I claim to know what the American people expect of him. I know that if he has done his duty, the reply to this resolution of inquiry will be, 'I have ordered the whole naval force of the country into those seas, to protect the rights of American fishermen against British cannon.' I hope it will be the pleasure of the Senate to consider the resolution immediately."

Messrs. Cass, Hamlin, Seward, Rusk, and others followed in patriotic remarks.

Mr. Pratt said this appeared to him more likely to result in war than did the 54 40 difficulty. The English Government has decided upon the construction of the treaty. England don't want to negotiate, for she has sent a large force to execute her construction of that treaty. Americans are to be expelled from rights, which they have enjoyed for 30 years, under what their Government has at all times and now declares to be the proper construction of the treaty. Ought not a force to be sent there to protect them in their rights which this Government has declared to be theirs?—Certainly there should. If this be done, and—the British officer executes his orders, a collision must ensue; for no American commander will witness the seizure of an American vessel without firing into the offenders. He hoped the resolution would pass.

The resolution was then unanimously adopted.

Mr. Hunter said that in the enrollment of the Deficiency Bill, the item appropriating $50,000 per diem and mileage, was accidentally omitted. He moved that it be now added to the Military Academy Bill. Agreed to.

The Military Academy Bill was passed.

Adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 19th, the House, on motion of Mr. Molony, took up and passed the Senate bill, to authorize the Mayor and Common Council of Chicago, Illinois, to excavate a portion of the public reservation at that place, with a view to the improvement of the Chicago River.

The House then proceeded to consider a bill, granting to all chartered railroad and plank-road companies the right of way through the public lands, such companies to have one hundred feet of ground on each side of the road, and the use of wood, earth and stone in the vicinity.

After a debate, Mr. Smart moved that the bill be tabled. Decided negatively—yeas 70, nays 91.

Before proceeding further, the morning hour expired.

The Indian Appropriation Bill was then taken up in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. When the Committee rose the various amendments reported were concurred in, and the bill passed.

A message was received from the Senate, asking a Committee of Conference on the amendment of that body to the Deficiency Bill, disagreed to by the House, appropriating $50,000 to pay a balance due for mileage and per diem of members, or, as was said, constructive mileage of the Senators.

Mr. Stanly moved that the House recede from its disagreement, and this was agreed to—yeas 70, nays 50. So the bill only requires the President's signature to become a law.

Mr. Fowler asked leave to introduce a resolution to supply the new members with the same kind and amount of books which the old ones have received, pending which proposition the House adjourned.

On the 20th, the House met at 11 o'clock, and resumed the consideration of a bill granting the right of way through the public lands to all incorporated plank road and railroad companies.

Mr. Jenkins moved that the bill be laid on the table—decided negatively, yeas 69, nays 78.

The subject was debated until the expiration of the morning hour, when the House went into Committee on the bill making appropriations for the support of the Military Academy at West Point.

Mr. Houston said there were no unusual appropriations in the bill, and as he desired, as soon as possible to take up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, the most important of all, he expressed the hope that the Committee would pass on the bill now before them, without general debate.

Messrs. Olds and Bell then occupied the floor in political speeches, after which, several amendments were voted upon; after which, the Committee rose, and the West Point Bill was passed.

Mr. Seymour, of New York, moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, with a view of taking up the River and Harbor Bill. Pending which, the House adjourned.

On the 21st, the House met at 11 o'clock.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, asked leave to offer a resolution, that the Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy, if not deemed incompatible with the public interest, report the number of the officers of the Army [illegible]

Mr. Walsh objected, saying—Let the gentleman go to the tavern-keepers for the information.

Mr. Johnson replied—You can go there; but no gentleman should make an observation of that sort.

Mr. Walsh was understood to say he meant no offence.

The bill giving to all chartered railroad and plank road companies the right of way through the public lands, was taken up. It was not disposed of when the morning hour expired.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Mr. Cobb in the chair.

Mr. Houston moved that the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill be taken up.

Mr. Seymour, of New York, moved that the River and Harbor Bill be taken up.

Mr. Houston raised a point of order, that the bill mentioned by the gentleman is behind all the other appropriation bills, and the Civil and Diplomatic Bill must be first set aside before the other can be taken up.

Mr. Seymour said he had moved to take up the River and Harbor Bill, because he supposed it was a general appropriation bill.

Mr. Burt called him to order.

The House refused to take up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill—ayes 44, noes 92.

Mr. Seymour, of New York, moved that the River and Harbor Bill be taken up.

A lengthy discussion arose, and Mr. Marshall, of Ky., commenced, a speech, but yielded to a motion that the Committee rise, which prevailed, and the House adjourned.

On the 22d, the House met at 11 o'clock, and resumed the consideration of the bill granting right of way to all rail, plank and Macadamized roads, through the lands of the United States, and passed it.

On motion of Mr. Rantoul, it was

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to communicate to this House, so far as in his opinion it may be consistent with the public interests, all the information in his possession relative to the right of fishing vessels of the United States to take fish within three miles of the British coast of North America, according to the uniform practice under the Convention of 1818; and as to any order issued, or cruisers despatched or fitting out by the British Government, or by the said Provinces, for the purpose of interrupting the said fisheries; also, what measures, if any, have been taken by the United States, authorities to protect the rights of the fisheries.

The House refused to lay on the table a bill, granting lands to Illinois and Indiana, for railroad purposes. Yeas 61, nays 78.

Mr. Disney introduced an amendment, giving lands to all the new States for like objects; pending which the morning hour expired.

The consideration of the bill to repeal the contract system and provide for the election of a public printer by Congress, was postponed until Thursday next.

Mr. Stanton, of Kentucky, from the Committee on Printing, reported a joint resolution, providing for the settlement of the accounts of Thomas Ritchie, assignee of William M. Bell, for printing for the Thirty-First Congress. It gives Mr. Ritchie one-half the prices of 1819, in lieu of his contract price.

Mr. Stanton, in reply to a question by Mr. Stanly, said it would take out the treasury, $60,000.

After some proceedings the discussion of the resolution was postponed for three weeks.

On motion of Mr. McLanahan, the House took up and passed the Senate bill, supplemental to an act providing for taking the seventh and subsequent census, and to fix the number of members of the House of Representatives, and providing for their due apportionment among the several States, approved May 23d, 1850.

A resolution was adopted, terminating the debate on the River and Harbor Bill to-morrow, at 1 o'clock.

The House then went into Committee on this bill, and, after some remarks in its favor by Mr. Marshall, of Ky., the Committee at 3 o'clock took a recess till 6.

EVENING SESSION.—The Committee re-assembled at six o'clock, and remained in session, discussing the River and Harbor Bill till nine, when it rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 23rd, the House met at 11 o'clock, and proceeded to the consideration of the Bill granting right of way, and two hundred thousand acres of public lands to Michigan, to aid in the construction of a railroad from Pontiac to the navigable waters of Lake Michigan, in Ottawa County.

Mr. Stuart explained the provisions of the bill, when, on motion of Mr. Cable, of Ohio, it was laid on the table—yeas 79, nays 67.

Pending a motion to reconsider the vote, the morning hour expired, and the House went into Committee of the Whole on the River and Harbor Bill.

This was discussed for some time, during which Mr. Caskie offered an amendment, appropriating $50,000 for the improvement of the James and Appamattox Rivers, in Virginia, and, after explanations, it was rejected by a vote of 62 yeas to 63 nays.

Pending an amendment the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 24th, the Speaker announced the pending business to be the motion to reconsider the vote, by which was rejected, yesterday, the bill granting right of way and lands to Michigan, to aid in the construction of the Oakland and Ottawa Railroad.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, moved that the motion to reconsider be tabled; decided negatively, by a vote of 53 yeas, and 81 nays.

The subject was then postponed until Wednesday next.

On motion of Mr. Bissell the House took up the bill to enable the Executive to furnish citizens on the frontiers with arms, to protect themselves against the Indians.

The Senate returned this bill with certain amendments, one of them proposing to include Utah in the distribution of arms, and another, authorizing the President, when he may conceive it necessary to call into service five hundred mounted Texans for the defence of the Texas frontier, and the same number of ones from California, to serve for their pay, &c. The amendment makes provision for their pay, &c.

This was discussed by Messrs. Bissell, Stanly, Howard, and other gentlemen, and finally referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

The House then went into Committee on the River and Harbor Bill. Various amendments were offered and debated, in five minute speeches, but none agreed to. The discussion was not of general interest. After a session of four hours the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

☞ It is not study alone that produces a writer—it is intensity; in the mind, as in a chimney, to make the fire burn hot and quick you must narrow the draught.

☞ The world is full of great men, though we know them not. All that is great and amiable dwelleth not in high places.

General News.

POLITICAL NEWS.

The *Southern Press* is out violently against both great political parties, and warns the South against "designs" upon the peculiar institution. It says:—

"We speak now not with reference to this Presidential election, which the next four months will decide. We look beyond it—into the future—and call on the Southern men to remember, that that is but an episode in the mighty drama, where they will be forced to play the chief part, either as victims, or as successful defenders of all man holds sacred. The partisan conflicts are of the hour only—behind them stalks, as in the old Heathen drama, the remorseless fate. Whatever part then the South may take in the pending canvass, let her sons keep their hands and their faith free, so as to be ready to unite, if necessary, in the common vindication of common rights, so soon as that conflict shall be over.

"The handwriting is on the wall in letters of living light. Let not the South, like the besotted monarch of Babylon, refuse to read or recognize its true interpretation: for it needs no Daniel to interpret it—he that runs may read—and imitation of his example, will be followed by a similar catastrophe."

OHIO WHIG STATE CONVENTION.—COLUMBUS, July 21.—The Convention reassembled at 2 o'clock, P. M. The Committee on Resolutions reported a series (which were unanimously adopted,) endorsing the nomination of Scott and Graham, and pledging the exertions of the party in this State to elect them; also, denouncing the conduct of the Board of Public Works, and the conduct of the last Legislature.

Hiram Griswold, of Cuyahoga, was appointed President, and a Vice President was selected from each Congressional District.

The following are the names of the State Central Committee:—A. T. Perry, Robt. Neil, Joseph Ridgway, Lewis Leigh, Wm. Dennison, of Columbus; J. D. Caldwell, of Cincinnati; John Mills, of Dayton; E. Ball, of Muskingum; L. Dewey, of Portage.

D. A. Haynes, was nominated for Supreme Judge; D. H. Beardsley, of Cleveland, for the Board of Public Works; E. D. Mansfield, Senatorial Elector; Wm. Dennison, second do. District Electors were chosen from the twenty-one Districts, when the Convention adjourned. Great harmony prevailed throughout. Two hundred and fifty Delegates were present.

A THIRD PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.—The Southern Rights party of Barbour Co., Ala., have nominated Gen. John A. Quitman, for President, and Hon. T. L. Clingman, for Vice President. But whilst they indicate this as their nomination, they pledge themselves to support any separate Southern Rights ticket, which the Convention to meet at Montgomery, on Monday next, may nominate. They claim the right to run three candidates, "even in the face of certain defeat," without reference to their personal wishes.

The Eufaula *Spirit of the Times* says, that the meeting which made the nomination, was the largest ever held in that place.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—We learn from unquestionable authority, that the Hon. Abbott Lawrence has positively resigned his post as Minister to England, and that either Mr. Webster or Mr. Crittenden will be appointed to succeed him.

Judge Chambers, of Maryland, positively declines the appointment of Secretary of the Navy. Hon. John P. Kennedy has been appointed instead, and accepts.

Judge Conklin, of New York, has been nominated to the Senate as Minister to Mexico.

THE FREE SOIL MOVEMENT.—Senator Chase, of Ohio, is out in a very long letter, addressed to D. F. Butler, urging a Free Soil nomination similar to that of 1848. He thinks that Free Soil Democrats cannot, without marked inconsistency, support the nominees of the Compromise Democracy. It is said that the Free Soilers will direct their movements to aid Scott, with the desire to keep the Democratic party out of power another four years, hoping thereby to bring them to certain terms in 1856.

The Free Soilers held a meeting at Cochituate Hall, Boston, on Thursday evening. Wm. B. Spooner, Esq., was called to the Chair, and Mr. Joseph W. Alloyn, appointed Secretary. A Committee was chosen to prepare a Constitution for a Free Soil Club. Addresses were made by several gentlemen, and the meeting adjourned to last evening (Wednesday 21st.)

ILLNESS OF GEN. SCOTT.—WASHINGTON, July 20.—Gen. Scott is quite ill of dysentery, and it is feared that he may not recover in season to attend the Lundy's Lane celebration, at Niagara. He desires to go, as he has proposed, and will, if he possibly can, without unwarrantable risk.

BALTIMORE, July 23.—General Winfield Scott arrived here, last night from Washington, and proceeded to Old Point, Va., this morning, for the purpose of improving his health.

BALTIMORE, July 23.—Gen. Franklin Pierce is expected to be at Old Point Comfort next week. The nominees of the two great parties will probably meet there.

FLORIDA WHIG CONVENTION.—CHARLESTON, July 22.—The Florida Whig State Convention, met at Tallahasse, on the 15th inst., when a majority of those composing it ratified the nominations of the Whig National Convention. The minority refused their adhesion to the nominations. Col. G. T. Ward, was nominated for Governor—E. C. Cabell, for Congress. Col. Ward declined the nomination, for three reasons, one of which was that he had received a letter from Mr. Cabell, of a character which made it out of the question for him to run on the same ticket with him. Mr. Cabell's letter was read, in which he states, that under no circumstances can he support General Scott and State tickets. The Convention subsequently sat an hour with closed doors, and renominated Col. Ward.

The Presidential electors chosen, are Col. [illegible], Judge Thomas [illegible], and Major Finley.

Gen. Call presided over the deliberations of the Convention.

NEW ENGLAND DEMOCRACY.—We publish in another part of our paper, a report of the doings of a convention of delegates from the Democratic State Committees of the New England States, all of which were represented but Maine. Gentlemen from Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont and New Hampshire, gave cheering accounts of the state and progress of the Democracy in those States—from which it is pretty evident that New England will do her duty in the coming contest. The subject of a New England Convention was postponed to a future time for consideration; and in the meantime the States are advised to hold mass meetings, at such times as may suit their convenience.—*Bay State.*

POSITION OF PARTIES—BALANCE OF POWER.—We have been at some pains to examine the figures, and see what the chances of the two great parties, Whig and Democratic, in view of their present positions, are. We must confess that the hopes of a Whig triumph in November are opposed by a stern array of facts. Except in this State, Vermont, Tennessee and Wisconsin, the Whigs have not a Governor; nor a Legislature, save one in Kentucky, which off sets the Democratic Legislature of Wisconsin. In Congress the Whig show is equally bad—nay, worse. In the Senate, against 23 Whigs are 34 regular Democrats; 3 quasi Democrats, alias Free Soilers, and 2 vacancies. In the House, against 73 Whigs are 140 regular Democrats, and 5 Free Soilers.

Thus far, the account stands 4 Whig Governors and Legislatures against 27 Democratic, leaving a Democratic balance of 23 States; joint Whig vote in Congress, 101 against 174 Democrats, 8 Free Soil, and 2 vacancies, leaving a Democratic balance, without Free Soilers, of 63—a pretty fair working majority.

We have found it impossible to give in tabular form a final item, to wit:—the largest popular vote of the States which the Whigs have to overcome. A portion of the States elect their Governors by Legislature, hence the popular vote of 1851, is divided between Gubernatorial, Congressional and other elections. We have, however, by going back to the Presidential election of 1848, in three or four States, got an average of the strength of the two parties according to the latest.

Leaving Georgia, South Carolina, Minnesota and Utah out of the question—they are all Democratic—we find the Whig strength to be not far from 1,260,000 votes, while the Democratic vote stands about 1,440,000—leaving a Democratic balance of 180,000 votes. We have not recorded the Abolition vote of New York—some 5,000, as cast for Chaplin; nor the Native vote of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, some 4,000, as cast at late elections. We find also that in 1848, had the Democratic party been united as it now is, it would have carried, even against Taylor—Ohio by some 50,000, New York by over 16,000, and Pennsylvania, counting the Native vote that will now be cast against Scott, by a small majority—thus securing the three great States depended on to elect Gen. Scott.

What reason then has the Whig party for exulting too loudly over its chances. Can it expect to carry a stronger vote than Gen. Taylor polled—and that vote, with the Democratic party united, will be of no avail.

To our mind the picture is by no means bright, and short of the almost unity in the Whig ranks, now shaken by independent movements in Georgia, Massachusetts and elsewhere, and the determined organization of the Native party against Scott, there is but the smallest chance of success. We trust, therefore, that Whigs who "spit upon Whig platforms," &c., will see that quite another sort of work will have to be done to elect General Scott.

As an addenda to the above, we may say that, since the election of Gen. Taylor, or the latest trial of the national strength of the two parties, a large crop of Democrats have been naturalized and come of age—for it is a fact that youth inclines to radicalism and Democracy rather than conservatism. That is, we get up in the morning of life progressing, and lie down at night conservatives.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

A writer in Blackwood, who signs himself an "Englishman in America," in an article upon American politics, says:—

"Fillmore, Webster, Scott, and Cass, are the more prominent candidates; but the most prominent are not always the most successful; and it would not surprise me to find some man almost unheard of in the contest, stepping quietly into the Presidential chair. The more a man has done for the country, the less likely is the country to choose him. It is not for what a man has done, but for what he has not done, that he is elected; for each eminent political man makes more enemies than friends. He offends a hundred where he gratifies one."

A Washington despatch to the New York Herald says—"There is nothing settled for a certainty yet, as to the Free Soil Candidate for the Presidency. Some leading Free Soilers assert positively that Chase will be nominated; and others, equally prominent, are just as sure that Hale will be the man. Probably neither will receive the nomination. The Pittsburg Convention alone can decide which. The candidate for Vice President will, of course, be selected with reference to the nomination made for President."

NATIONAL FREE SOIL CONVENTION.—The Lynn (Mass.) Bay State says the following gentlemen have been elected delegates to the Free Convention to be holden at Pittsburg, Pa., from [illegible]:—Samuel E. Sewall, [illegible]; John B. Alley, of Lynn; Horace E. [illegible]. Substitutes—Richard P. Waters, of [illegible]; F. Mudge, of Lynn; Nehemiah Boynton, of Chelsea.

The Richmond Enquirer contains a letter from Captain Scott, stating that he has received no answer from General Pierce, to the letter addressed to him, previous to the sitting of the Democratic National Convention, and giving, as a reason, that Gen. Pierce received the letter on the eve of leaving his home; and not considering himself a candidate of nomination, did not think it necessary to reply.

FOREIGN.—By the *America*, arrived July 22, we have the following items:

A despatch from Dublin, dated Thursday, says that there had been an election riot in that city, in which one policeman had been killed.

A despatch from Wigan, dated Friday, says that a riot occurred between the Orangemen and the Catholics, and that two troops of infantry had to be despatched to the spot before the disturbance could be quelled.

The Arab Chiefs, Abed el Ruder and Hamet Ben Ruta, State prisoners of France, had a quarrel in prison, when the former stabbed the latter, killing him instantly.

The Liverpool Times intimates that the Administration will be in a minority of one hundred in the new Parliament.

Sir W. Clay and L. Butler have been elected for the Tower Hamlets, where George Thompson was defeated, his constituents expressing much disapprobation at his having deserted his duties, and for agitating the Slavery Question in America.

Mr. Strutt, a Liberal, had succeeded Feargus O'Connor for Nottingham.

The Royal Agricultural Society of England offer a prize of £1,000 and a gold medal, for the discovery of a manure equal to guano, to be furnished in England at £5 per ton.

Gen. Dembinski and M. Szemere write to the Paris Journal des Debats, referring to Gorgey's book on the Hungarian War, and deny that they offered the crown of Hungary to Russia. Gorgey himself, they say, was the only one by whom the proposal was ever made. Szemere's letter concludes thus: "To offer the crown of Hungary to the Russians, could only be the work of a man reduced to the last extremities of despair, like M. Kossuth, or of a man destitute of principle, like M. Gorgey. I may add that Count Batthyani had, it is true, no confidence in Austria, but in Russia still less."

The guillotine, which the French Assembly abolished, as well as every other mode of punishment by death, is to be revived again in France. A Court Martial at Montpelier, France, has condemned seventeen of the insurgents of December to the guillotine. This is regarded as a barbarous and vindictive act on the part of the Government, as these men were only fighting against the usurpation of Louis Napoleon, at the time of the great *coup d'etat* in December. The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says: "The sentence has produced a sensation of profound horror." It is setting a bloody example, which may again lead to the sanguinary scenes which, under one despotism, made France a spectacle of horror.

The Roman correspondent of the London *News* tells the following story:

The Cardinal Vicar, in his quality of supervisor of the morals of Rome, has fallen out with a professor of ventriloquism, second sight, and other mysterious practices, who lately arrived from Piedmont, and astonished the Romans last week, by his performances in the Valle Theatre.

Everybody set down the exhibitor as a *savan de premiere force*, and explained his unexplainable tricks by ascribing them to animal magnetism; but the ecclesiastics, who reserve to themselves the prerogative of handling supernatural subjects, were very indignant at any mere layman presuming to step beyond the range of reality, and therefore informed against him, without more ado, to the Cardinal Vicar.

The conjurer offered to prove that his feats were not derived from the regions of demonology, and was therefore handed over by the Cardinal to the acute scrutiny of a reverend Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Sapienza University, who, after a hot dispute of some hours, was convinced that the performances might be explained by natural causes; so that the representations have recommenced, the public laughing at the priests for believing that there is no mesmerism in the matter, and the priests laughing at the public for believing that there is.

In Italy, the political sky is still troubled. Political arrests are now going on in Lombardy, to an extent which proves at once the universality of the dissatisfaction with the Austrian Government, and the consciousness of the Government that it is in imminent danger. There have been forty-seven arrests in Mantua and its province; others at Verona; others at Brescia; others at Milan, etc.

These wholesale arrests have their rise in the following incident. A search was made in some house, on suspicion that the inmates were concerned in smuggling. One of the Mazzini loan notes was unexpectedly discovered in the house. The holder of this note—a patriot to some extent, but not a member of the organized association of patriots which extends over all Italy—was induced to mention the name of the person who had given him the note. This person was arrested; all the letters, even those of the most immaterial and inoffensive kind, found in his house, were used as indications of new persons to be arrested, [illegible] that the very multiplicity and promiscuousness of the arrests would lead accidentally to discoveries. Henry Tassoli [illegible] has been arrested, and has been, since then, in prison, on bread and water diet, and subjected to all kinds of torturing contrivances, in the hope of obliging him to make revelations. Attilio Mori, engineer, Louis Castellazzi, architect, priest of Nozzotti, and others, were arrested at the same time. At Brescia they arrested Tito Speri; at Verona, Tancioli; at Milan, Giovanni Pezzotti, who was found strangled in his prison the next day.

Pezzotti was a man of high intellectual attainments. Whether he died by his own hand, to escape the mortal tortures to which prisoners for political offences in Italy are always subjected, or whether he was killed by his jailers, is still a mystery. Sometimes they do torture for the sake of compelling revelations, and then, having gone too far, and fearing publicity, they kill.

On the 7th of July, the Emperor of all the Russias, Nicholas Paulowitch, entered on his 57th year, having been born on the 7th July, 1796. He ascended the throne 1st December, 1825.

THE LATE PLOT IN PARIS.—The following is the account of the newly-discovered conspiracy, given by the Patrie:—

"A conspiracy against the safety of the State has just been discovered in Paris. Thirteen individuals, all having relations with the refugees in London, were arrested yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon, by MM. Balestrino and Nusse, Commissaries of police. The arrests took place in an isolated house in the Rue de la Reine Blanche, near the Barriere de Fontainebleau. At the moment when the police agents went to the spot, the conspirators were occupied in manufacturing, out of gas pipes, a species of shells, of a calibre of from 8 to 9 centimetres in diameter, slightly bent at one of the ends, and plugged with a band of stout canvass covered with tar. Ten of these tubes, each capable of containing a number of small balls, were found completely finished.

"Search having been immediately made at the residences of the persons arrested, has, it is said, furnished proofs that the object of the conspirators was a fresh rising on the part of the demagogical party, and that this attempt at insurrection had for instigators the refugees at London and Brussels. A great number of fresh arrests were made during the Wednesday night, and many important papers seized. Some additional warrants have been issued by the Prefect of Police. The immediate discovery of this wild attempt, must tranquillize the public mind, and prove to the country the intelligent and active solicitude of the Government."

The following is the account given of the affair by the Journal des Debats:—

"For some time past, the Prefect of Police has been aware that persons, remarkable for their demagogical opinions, were organizing a secret society, which appeared to have for its object, to attempt the life of the President of the Republic, and to overthrow the present Government. He had made himself acquainted with the proceedings of these individuals, and soon found out that they had ramifications with other Socialists, and that they were engaged in the manufacturing of infernal machines of a new kind. Acting on the information obtained, the police went to the house, near the Barriere de Fontainebleau, where a number of persons were found engaged in making those machines, and arrested them. The majority of the prisoners belong to the working classes, of all trades, but there are among them an ex-teacher, named Ch. Pelletier, a medical man named Favre, an advocate named Corbet, an employee in a public administration named Martin, one of Caussidiere's montagnards named Nouvel, and five of the old insurgents of June."

"Private letters from Algeria," says the Presse, "confirm our statement that the conspiracy now almost at an end, was of a serious nature, and had extensive ramifications. A Providential chance led to its discovery at Bona. The police then found in a cart, stationed in the street, gunpowder, arms, and a box containing letters. The drivers of the cart declared that those articles had been delivered to them by natives residing out of Bona, for native inhabitants of the town. The letters announced for the night of the 17th June, a massacre like that of the Sicilian Vespers.

"The signal was to be given by beacons lighted on the tops of the towers. The garrison at Bona only consists of 200 men. The Arabs of the vicinity were to call them out by setting the haystacks on fire, and the natives of the interior would then have easily disposed of the civil population. The facts account for the numerous arrests which have taken place at Bona. The correspondence we have before us, and which emanates from a merchant of Bona, mentions as a strange fact, the presence of an English frigate, which cruised before the town during the whole of the 17th, and only left on the 18th. For our part, we regard this fact as a mere fortuitous coincidence."

The London correspondent of the North American, says:—

"The principal Americans in London were entertained on the anniversary of American Independence, on Monday, July 5th, by Mr. George Peabody, the American banker, at the Brunswick Hotel, Blackwall. The limited accommodations at the Brunswick, and the prior engagement of Willis' Rooms, St. James', compelled Mr. Peabody, very reluctantly, to extend his invitations to only one hundred and fifty gentlemen, and about that number sat down to a most sumptuous banquet on this occasion. This international entertainment was intended to promote harmony, good feeling, and amity between Englishmen and Americans; and, I may truly say, that no individual has labored more assiduously to bring about such an object than the princely American banker, whose grand entertainments have always been attended by the most distinguished Englishmen, as well as citizens of the United States. I remember an incident that happened a few years since, in this metropolis, on the 4th of July. A party of Americans ordered a private room at a hotel for the purpose of dining together. The landlord, an Englishman, placed a large American flag out of an upper window. His numerous regular customers rushed in to inquire why the flag was flying. When they were informed that a few American gentlemen were celebrating the anniversary of American Independence, they expressed great astonishment, and assured the landlord that, unless he took the flag in, they would not patronise his hotel again! The flag continued to wave throughout the day, and, for every customer lost, the landlord gained two in his place. I have resided in this metropolis of the world long enough to witness many changes, but none more remarkable than the meeting in London of Englishmen, Irishmen and Americans, one harmonious group, on this last anniversary of American Independence; each and all expressed the most liberal and cordial sentiments towards each other."

Another religious riot had occurred at Wigan, England. On Wednesday night, about dusk, a person with a fifer and drummer paraded Scholes, and played in an ostentatious and triumphant manner, the air of "Boyne Water." On several occasions, in the neighborhood of Union Street, and Greenough's Row (both streets almost solely occupied by Irish and Roman Catholics) persons were seen on the roofs, pulling bricks from the chimneys, and unroofing the tiles. In several cases, detached privies were pulled down, and the bricks collected into heaps, in different quarters. An immense number of boulders and smaller stones were also accumulated. At a volley of stones was simultaneously sent into the street, at any object, from the upper windows and roofs of houses in Union Street. The Irish population, to a great extent, came into the streets, and the whole neighborhood was in a scene of great excitement. Stones began to fly at every passer-by, and were directed against the houses in adjoining streets where the colliers live. The colliers are almost all Protestants, and a considerable portion are Orangemen. The alarm was given, and the colliers soon mustered in a large body, and made a determined attack upon the assailants.

The police stationed in Scholes, about four or five in number, proceeded to the spot, and attempted to enter the street whither the rioters had gone. So thick and fast were the volleys of stones that this was quite impossible. News was sent to the Town Hall, and the Mayor immediately sent out messengers to summon the inhabitants to be sworn in as special constables. Many obeyed, and the oaths having been administered, the Mayor immediately proceeded to lead them down to the scene of the riot. He was accompanied by some other magistrates, and as he went along he called on every straggler to fall in and aid in the vindication of the law. As he entered Scholes, a considerable number of colliers joined, and offered their assistance.

On arriving at the end of Union street, as we understand the flying rumors, it was found impossible to force back the rioters, owing to the stones which were sent, thick as hail, from the roofs and upper windows of the houses, and the close ranks of the crowd which filled the place and the side streets and passages. All those people were engaged in throwing missiles and brickbats at the special constables. The latter, and hundreds of colliers who had joined them, ultimately divided themselves into two parties, under the lead of the magistrates, one of which took the rioters in the rear.

A very smart contest ensued, but at last the Irish were driven into the houses, from which they kept up a continued fight for some time. Others of the mob who were driven aside from the houses, fled into the adjacent streets, hotly pursued, and some escaped, while the rest were captured. The number of prisoners was between 70 and 80, five or six, taken during the fight, being wounded about the head, the others not much punished. Two of them were women.

☞ A gentleman on hearing a lady praise the eyes of a certain minister, wrote the following:

I cannot praise the doctor's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine;
For when he prays he shuts his eyes,
And when he preaches, he shuts mine.

☞ BAKED HAMS.—Most persons boil hams. They are much better baked, if baked right. Soak for an hour in clean water, and wipe dry, and then spread it all over with this batter, and lay it in a deep dish, with sticks under, to keep it out of the gravy. When fully done, take off the skin, and batter crusted upon the flesh side, and set it away to cool. You will find it very delicious, but too rich for dyspeptics. So says one of our agricultural exchanges.

Local News.

IMPROVEMENTS.

The march of improvement goes on in Philadelphia at a steady rate. Nearly all our great thoroughfares are more or less blocked with building materials, and alteration and renovation will soon present our old business friends with new business faces. We are glad to see symptoms of an elevated taste in the style of architecture now obtaining, especially in the [illegible] process of erection. We see no reason why the [illegible] during granite of our [illegible] intended to last may not be beautiful.

UNITED STATES BANK CASE.—Judge Allison, of the Common Pleas, on Saturday, decided that the Trustees of the Bank of the United States are bound to receive, in payment of debts due to the bank, coupons of bonds issued by the bank. The Trustees resisted this principle, and also contended that the Court had no power to decide the question in a summary way, in equity. The Court, however, not only ruled the general principle as stated, but held that its equity powers over corporations was general and unlimited, although, in reference to natural persons it was bound by certain restrictions. The latter doctrine was laid down, some time ago, by the Supreme Court of this State.—*Ledger.*

CHILLS AND FEVER.—*Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are one of the best, if not the very best medicine in the world, for the cure of intermittent fever, because they excel all others in ridding the body of those morbid humors which are the cause, not only of all kinds of fever, but of every malady incident to man. Four or five of said *Indian Vegetable Pills*, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time make a perfect cure of the most obstinate case of chills and fever; at the same time the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone and the blood so completely purified that fever and ague, or disease of any form, will be absolutely impossible.

Beware of Counterfeits!—The genuine will be found for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

We know of no medicine now before the public that offers such inducements to the afflicted as the VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS, for curing Epileptic Fits or Falling Sickness. Mr. Seth S. Hance, the proprietor, has put them in such a compact form that they can be transported through the mail, and any person sending him a remittance, he will forward them accordingly, postage paid. These Pills not only cure Fits, but are of especial benefit to all persons of a nervous temperament or of weak nerves—particularly females. Price $3 per box or two boxes for $5—Send your orders to me, *post-paid*, and I will forward them free of postage, to any part of the world with which the United States has postal arrangements.—SETH S. HANCE, No. 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

☞ FIVE PER CENT.—The Saving Fund of the National Safety Company, No. 69 Walnut Street, two doors above Third, is open every day from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M., and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock. Five per cent. interest is paid for money. We see a great many people there putting in money every day. Sums of $100 or less paid back on demand. Larger sums on two week's notice. my22-3m*

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, No. 26 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31, 1852.

PENNSYLVANIA.		MAINE.	
Philadelphia Banks	par	All solvent banks	½ dis
U S bank notes	15 dis	NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Chambersburg	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
York	½ dis	VERMONT.	
Berks county	no sale	Bank of St. Albans	½ dis
Gettysburg	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis	CONNECTICUT.	
Lewistown	no sale	All solvent banks	½ dis
Brownsville	½ dis	MASSACHUSETTS.	
Pittsburg	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis	Dorchester and Milton notes	no sale
Washington	½ dis	RHODE ISLAND.	
Erie	1½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Susquehanna co'nty	failed	Phenix bk, Westerly stolen notes	no sale
Lehigh county bk	no sale	CANADA.	
Towanda	no sale	Montreal	3 dis
Honesdale	½ dis	VIRGINIA.	
Harrisburg	½ dis	Bk of Va & branches	1 dis
West Branch	par	Far bk & branches	1 dis
Wyoming	½ dis	Valley bk & branches	1 dis
Middletown	½ dis	Ex bk & branches	1 dis
Northampton	no sale	Wheeling	1 dis
Schuylkill Haven	par	NORTH CAROLINA.	
Pottsville	par	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Danville	par	Small notes	2 dis
Relief notes	1 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		All solvent banks	1 dis
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford,	par	Small notes	2 dis
Plainfield	closed	GEORGIA.	
State bk at Morris	failed	All solvent Banks	1 dis
State bk New Bruns	½ dis	Bank St. Mary's	failed
Newark	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
Morris county	½ dis	ALABAMA.	
Middletown Point	½ dis	Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Orange	½ dis	Country banks	5 dis
Belvidere	½ dis	MISSISSIPPI.	
Rahway	½ dis	All banks	uncertain
Dover	½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Perth Amboy	failed	All solvent banks	1 dis
Peoples, Paterson	failed	OHIO.	
Farmers and Mech. bk, N. Bruns.	½ dis	Bk of Wooster	80 dis
N Hope Del Bridge	failed	Bk Norwalk	60 dis
Yard. Del Br'ge co	10 dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
All New Jersey secured by stocks	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
DELAWARE.		KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	½ dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Under 5's	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
MARYLAND.		INDIANA.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis	State bank	1½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
Salisbury	failed	ILLINOIS.	
Cecil bank	½ dis	Bank of Illinois	80 dis
Frederick county	½ dis	State bank	70 dis
Cumberland	½ dis	Bank of Cairo	[illegible]
Washington county	½ dis	MISSOURI.	
Hagerstown	½ dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	failed	TENNESSEE.	
Far & Millers bk	no sale	All solvent bks	3 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Small notes	4 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis	MICHIGAN.	
NEW YORK.		Gov't Stock	3 dis
City banks	par	All solvent banks	3 dis
Solv. country bks	½ dis	ARKANSAS.	
James bank	25 dis	All banks	no sale
New Rochelle	30 dis	WISCONSIN.	
		All banks	uncertain

☞ PRACTICAL JOKES.—A costly joke came off in one of the Berlin coffee-houses recently. A young man was playing billiards. One of his companions, with an understanding with some of the bystanders, stealthily drew a pocket-book, which contained four hundred thalers in paper money, from his pocket. When the game was finished, and the player wished to pay his share of the expense, the pocket-book was gone. For some time, the company amused themselves with the perplexity of the young man; at length his friend concluded to return the book, and relieve the poor fellow's feelings. But now it was his turn to be frightened, and endure the same pain which he had just inflicted upon his companion, for a real thief had relieved him of the pocket-book, and that, too, without joke; and had taken himself off. The joker was, therefore, forced to replace the four hundred thalers. Served him right.

☞ A paper published in New Bedford, in speaking of the contemplated additions to the whaling-fleet, says that "several houses (in that city) are in pursuit of ships for the service." It must be funny to see a HOUSE in pursuit of a SHIP.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JULY 24.

ASHES—Sales of 100 bbls at $4,75 for Pots, and $5,44a5,50 for Pearls.

COTTON—Sales of 500 bales at previous prices. The market is steady.

FLOUR, &c.—The market is heavy for Flour, and prices are rather easier; sales of 5,000 bbls at $4a4,06½ for State, and $4,06a4,31½ for mixed to good Michigan and Indiana, and common to good Ohio.—Canadian Flour continues dull; sales of 1,600 bbls at $4a4,06½, and $3,50 for sour. Southern Flour firm; sales of 800 bbls at $4,37½a4,50. Rye Flour and Corn Meal nominally the same.

GRAIN—For Wheat the market is heavy and drooping; sales of 1,500 bushels mixed Canadian at $1, and 5,000 bushels prime new white Southern at $1,02 deliverable in 20 days. Rye is in fair demand, with sales of 3,700 bushels at 77a80 cts. Corn steady; sales of 31,000 bushels at 63½c for Western mixed, 57a63c for unsound do, and 65c for white Western. Oats in request at 44a46c.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is a shade firmer, with sales of 900 bbls at $19,50a19,62½, and $17 for Mess and Prime. Beef firm. Sales of 150 bbls. Cut Meats quiet and firm. Lard steady; sales of 300 bbls at 11¼a11½c.

WHISKEY—Sales of 150 bbls at 21½c for Ohio, and 22c for Prison.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1, Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *John T. Dent, Dr. J. A. Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws, William Moore, Charles Carroll, O. J. Dyer, C. M. L. Wiseman, and H. J. Thomas.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for the States of Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by *C. F. Lewis*, [illegible]

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, Perrin Locke, Jas. Button, Geo. P. Button, D. R. Gorden, Wm. J. Covey, Isaac M. Bodine, and Walter D. Thompson.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States, and a portion of the State of New York.

MARIAN B. ANGELL collects for us in New York, assisted by *Rian G. Durfy.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
Of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 *Ann St., N. York.*
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Of COURTENAY & WIENGES, *Charleston, S. C.*
Of W. ADAM, *Washington, D. C.*
Of ELI ADAMS, *Salem, N. J.*
Of SAML. RINGGOLD, *Louisville, Ky.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

ALMANAC.

Aug. 1852.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
31 Saturday,	4 55	7 5	2 34	
1 Sunday,	4 56	7 4	3 19	
2 Monday,	4 57	7 3	4 6	
3 Tuesday,	4 58	7 2	4 51	D. H. M.
4 Wedn'day,	4 59	7 1	5 59	Last 7 8 6
5 Thursday,	5 0	7 0	6 15	New 15 8 38
6 Friday,	5 1	6 59	6 56	First 22 12 52
7 Saturday,	5 2	6 58	7 37	Full 29 9 40

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
July 18	73	78	82
19	72	80	84
20	71	80	83
21	75	85	80
22	80	89	90
23	80	85	90
24	75	82	84

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Richfield, July 14th, by the Rev. Horace Smith, Mr. L. S. KING, to Miss JANE DAVIS, both of Bath, Ohio.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. A. A. Willits, Mr. CHARLES LEWARS, to Miss CAROLINE, daughter of Thos. Mogridge, Esq. all of this city.

On the 20th inst. in the Church of the Epiphany, by the Rev. J. H. Fowles, TINSLEY JETER, of New Orleans, to MARY, daughter of the late Thomas S. Richards, of this city.

On the 17th instant, in the First Baptist Church, by the Rev. Dr. Ide, Mr. F. D. SHERMAN, to Mrs. ANNIE C. ELLIS, daughter of the late Spencer R. Chandler, of Kingston, Mass. and niece of the Hon. Jos. R. Chandler, of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Mr. SAMUEL J. TORBERT, of Philadelphia, to MARIA L. daughter of Stephen Blatchford, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. H. E. Montgomery, Mr. ANDREW STEWART, to Miss SARAH MONTGOMERY.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. G. L. Miles, Mr. JOSEPH MARTIN, to Miss MARY A. WOOD, all of Southwark.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Storke, Mr. GEO. S. GEYER, to Mrs. CATHARINE L. ENTZ.

On the 18th instant, at Calvary Church, by the Rev. Joseph H. Smith, Jr. Mr. DAVID W. MURDOCK, to Miss ELIZABETH LINDSAY.

On the 20th inst. in St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, by the Rev. T. Stork, Rev. P. RABY, Pastor of Chester Springs Charge, and Principal of Kimberton Female Seminary, to Miss LIZZIE H. HARTMAN, daughter of George G. Hartman, both of Chester county.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ruth, GEORGE E. KERLIN, to Miss REBECCA SHARP, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by Ald. Apple, of the Northern Liberties, GEORGE W. MOORE, to Miss CAROLINE, daughter of A. Hasline, Esq. both of Spring Garden.

On the 21st March, by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. JOHN MORROW, to Miss SARAH ANN, daughter of the late Jesse Righter, all of this city.

On the 1st March, by the Rev. F. Swentzel, M. D. Mr. JOHN CRIST, of West Philadelphia, to Miss SARAH POWELL, of Southwark.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. D. W. Bartine, Mr. WILLIAM C. SHOEMAKER, to Miss HARRIET L. NEWHOUSE, both of this city.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On his way to California, on the 24th of June, 1852, Mr. JOHN FREEMAN, Jr. formerly of Richmond, Va.

On the 2d instant, at her late residence, near Delaware City, New Castle county, Delaware, Mrs. MARY M. wife of Mr. John Reybold, and eldest daughter of Dr. Geo. Unler, of this city, after an illness of two weeks, in her 35th year.

On the 21st inst. ROBERT ADAMS, aged 74 years.

On the 21st instant, ANNA, wife of John W. Hoey, aged 34 years.

On the 20th inst. FRANCIS AIDEN, son of Francis and Eliza J. Redmond, aged 11 months.

On the 21st inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH WHITTELSEY, aged 83 years.

On the [illegible] inst. EMMA ELIZABETH, daughter of Wm. K. and Amelia S. Reiff, aged 9 months.

On the 21st inst. CHARLES, son of Dennis and Bridget Monahan, aged 2 years.

On the 20th inst. THOMAS, son of Thos. and Sarah Wigfall, aged 15 months.

On the 21st inst. MARY, daughter of John and Mary A. Conway, aged 6 years.

On the 21st inst. RACHEL MARTIN, wife of Levi B. Cutler, aged 38 years.

On the 21st inst. Miss MARY FISHER, aged 24.

On the 21st inst. WILLIAM J. MCCOURT.

On the 21st inst. HENRY GILLEN, aged 45 years.

On the 19th inst. WILLIAM SIBSON, Sr. aged 69.

On the 18th inst. Miss MARY J. DOUGLASS, aged 24.

On the 18th inst. HARRY A. son of Wm. and Sarah B. Downie, aged 10 months.

On the 18th inst. Miss SARAH GLASS, aged 77.

On the 19th inst. BENJAMIN K. son of Benj. F. and Mary J. Baker, in his 2d year.

On the 19th inst. RACHEL HOLSTON, aged 36 years.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. ELLEN MILLS, aged 30.

On the 19th inst. JOHN, son of John and Sarah Warren.

On the 19th inst. JAMES MCGUIRE, son of Thos. H. and Catharine C. Grady, aged 22 months.

On the 19th inst. MARY, daughter of Michael and Hannah Collins, aged 13 months.

On the 19th inst. Mr. ROBERT GODFREY, aged 64.

On the 18th inst. GEORGE WALLAS, adopted son of Jas. M. and Adelia Hopper, aged 3 months.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. SARAH ATHERN, aged 57.

On the 19th inst. CHARLOTTE IRETON, aged 27.

On the 20th inst. CHARLEY JAMES, son of John R. and Malinda Gheen, aged 13 years.

On the 19th inst. HENRY, son of Wm. Hodson.

In the city of Camden, on the 20th inst. CAROLINE LOUISA, daughter of Benj. H. and Hannah Hassell, aged 2 years and 8 months.

In Washington, D. C. on the 10th inst. Mrs. ANN M. ECK, formerly of Philadelphia.

SICK AND AFFLICTED READ.
DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND
SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

THE TIME MUST SOON COME, WHEN every family, every physician, every asylum and hospital, must be provided with this great Family Medicine. Such is its influence over disease, that its place cannot be supplied, where a healthful expectorant is required; its great virtues in diseases of the Throat, Breast or Lungs, incipient or confirmed Consumption, &c., cannot be obtained from any other preparation of the present day, as the experience of thousands have testified.

BE VERY PARTICULAR to obtain the original Preparation, as prepared by DR. SWAYNE, at his Laboratory, No. 4 North SEVENTH Street, (late 8th and Race,) PHILADA. Until you obtain this compound, you will never know the *real virtues* of the "*Wild Cherry.*"

For sale by agents in all parts of the United States and Canadas. my22-11neow*

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One square (sixteen lines) one insertion, $3.00
" " " three months, $15.00
" " " six months, $25.00
" " " a year, $40.00
Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

LIFE
IN
THE SOUTH!
A COMPANION TO
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
PRICE 50 CENTS A COPY.

T. B. PETERSON, NO. 98 CHESNUT STREET, *PHILADELPHIA*, publishes this day, a Book of

SOUTHERN LIFE,

with the above title, and MAGNIFICENTLY ILLUSTRATED with FOURTEEN LARGE ENGRAVINGS by the celebrated *DARLEY*. It is with no little pride and gratification to the Publisher, that he is enabled at this opportune moment to lay before the reading public one of the most graphic, absorbingly interesting and truthful pictures of Southern Life that has ever yet been written; and it may well rank alongside of "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," and be a fit companion for it. The author has ever lived amid the scenes he has so elegantly sketched, and thus been enabled to present a most truthful picture of "LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY"—UNCLE TOM IN HIS CABIN, and TOM, THE WILD FUGITIVE.

WILD BILL, THE FUGITIVE SLAVE, in the phrensy of fear at his arrest, exclaims:—"Young man, my hands are rough and hard, but there is no smell of innocent blood upon them! My skin is dark and ugly, but my soul is whiter than the whitest judge who sits upon the Bench. What have I done? What is my crime that I must be an outcast and an outlaw, hunted from swamp to swamp, with a whole nation for my enemies, and not a human soul to speak to me in the language of friendship?"

From the earliest times, there have been in Eastern Carolina, remarkable runaway slaves, who lived in caves, in the sand, and in the swamps.

In the Great Dismal Swamp of North Carolina, characters of this kind are numerous. It is said that one woman who had run away, when quite young, from her master, returned to him, after many years of life in the desert, with several children.

The character of Utopia, the lost girl of the wilderness, is beautifully and magnificently drawn, and a sweet creation, while in contrast, adventures of the bold, hardy, and savage "WILD BILL, OF THE SWAMP," makes this one of the most instructive and interesting of American Books ever printed.

The Publisher would respectfully recommend this Book to the American People in THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH, and in perfect confidence that nothing he has ever heretofore published, is so worthy of their immediate attention.

It is published complete in one large octavo volume of 144 pages, with fourteen large, full page, magnificent illustrations, executed in the finest style of the art, and printed on the finest and best plate paper.

Price for the complete work, 50 cents a copy.

Copies of the work will be sent to any person to any place in the United States, free of postage, on their remitting 50 cents for each copy they order, to the publisher, in a letter, post-paid. So no matter where a person lives, they can get a copy by return of mail, on their enclosing 50 cents in a letter, post-paid, directed to the publisher.

T. B. PETERSON,
No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

To whom all orders must come addressed.

Booksellers, News Agents, and all others, will be supplied at very low rates, and they will please send in their orders at once.

WANTED.—Canvassers, to engage in the sale of this work in every County in the United States.

☞ Editors of Newspapers throughout the country, copying the above one or more times, including this notice, and calling attention to it editorially, on sending a copy of their paper, marked, to the publisher, shall have three copies of the above work sent them by return of mail. It

AUNT PHILLIS' CABIN;
OR,
SOUTHERN LIFE AS IT IS.

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO., Philadelphia, have in press, and will issue on the first of August next—

AUNT PHILLIS' CABIN; or, Southern Life As It Is, by Mrs. Mary H. Eastman.

This volume will present a picture of Southern life taken at different points of view, from the one occupied by the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The writer being a native of the South, is familiar with the many varied aspects assumed by domestic servitude in that sunny region, and therefore feels competent to give pictures of "Southern Life as it is." Pledged to no clique or party, and free from the pressure of any and all extraneous influences, she has written her book with a view to its truthfulness; and the public at the North, as well as at the South, will find in Aunt Phillis' Cabin not the distorted picture of an interested painter, but the faithful transcript of a Daguerreotypist. It is the truth that all profess to seek, and in a matter of such vital interest to the whole nation as Domestic Slavery. Truth—not highly wrought imaginary representations—is above all things demanded. Such truth in the enticing garb of a skilful fiction will Aunt Phillis' Cabin present. [illegible] and in doing so, she will show its full [illegible] features in strong contrast with the pain[illegible] Cabin [illegible] so elaborately set forth in Uncle Tom's [illegible]. jy31-3t

THE GREAT CENTRAL BOOK ESTABLISHMENT; CORNER OF FIFTH AND ARCH STREETS.

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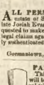

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aug 10-tf WM. D. ROGERS.

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THE ANGELS.

BY DUGANNE.

Angel of Hope.

I hear thy wings, my sister,
Though the night is dark around thee—
Oh, those wings are drooping heavily,
As if the tempest bound thee—
Tell me, sister—whither now?
Whence and wherefore journey'st thou?

Angel of Suffering.

I come—Oh, I come,
From the hapless realms,
Where souls are dumb,
Where wrong o'erwhelms—
From the land where the Famine hath been—
Hath been and will be again,
And wring the hearts of desperate men
With slow, consuming pain,
Till souls that once were free from sin,
Are black as the soul of Cain!
Famishing mothers, and famishing sires,
And sons with hearts of hate,
Lighting their terrible signal fires,
Piling their hovels in funeral pyres—
Lying in wait, with hearts of hate,
At the cruel tyrant's gate!
Earth is mighty, and earth hath room
For millions of souls unborn!
Harvests smile, and orchards bloom,
And fields are heavy with corn:
And yet there cometh the Famine's doom,
And the livid Plague, and the pestilent tomb,
On Ireland's land forlorn!

Angel of Hope.

Heaven helpeth—Heaven helpeth—
Though the clouds may darkly frown:
Heaven lifts the poor and wretched—
Heaven brings the haughty down!
Trust in Heaven, suffering angel—
Through the cross shall come the crown!

Angel of Suffering.

I have been to the darksome mine
Where Albion's infant slaves
In wretchedness toil—in hopelessness pine,
From birth to earth—
Nor joy nor mirth
From their cradles to their graves!
Children with withered hearts,
And maidens with never a maiden's shame—
Toiling and toiling till life departs,
Living and dying without an aim,
Living forever to labor and labor,
Cursing their lords with horrible words—
Wrestling with brother, and struggling with neighbor.

Angel of Hope.

Heaven is mighty! and God is good!
Little of love is understood!
Yet cometh the hour
Of Beauty and Power—
Cometh the glorious day—
When Right shall be Might, and Darkness Light,
And Wrong be swept away.

Selected Articles.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S USE OF WORDS.

FROM "TRENCH ON THE STUDY OF WORDS."

NO. II.

This exercise of putting words in their true relation and connection with one another might be carried much further. We might take whole groups of words, which seem to us at first sight to acknowledge hardly any kinship, if indeed any, with one another, and yet with no great difficulty show that they had a common parentage and descent. For instance, here are "shire," "shore," "share," "shears," "shred," "sherd;" they all are derived from one Anglo-Saxon word, which signifies to separate or divide, and still exists with us in the shape of "to shear," which made once the three perfects, "shore," "share," "shored." "Shire" is a district in England, as it is separated from the rest; a "share" is a portion of anything thus divided off; "shears" are instruments affecting this process of separation; the "shore" is the place where the continuity of the land is interrupted or separated by the sea; a "shred" is that which is "sheared" or shorn from the main piece; a "sherd" as a pot-"sherd," that which is broken off and thus divided from the vessel; and these which I have adduced by no means exhaust this group or family of words, though it would take more time than I can spare to put some other words in relation with it.

But this analyzing of groups of words for the detecting of the bond of relationship between them, and the one root out of which they all grow, is a process which may require more etymological knowledge than you possess, and more helps from books than you can always expect to command. There is another process, and one which may prove no less useful to yourselves and to [illegible] certainly within your reach. It will often happen that you will meet in books, sometimes in the same book, and perhaps in the same page of this book, a word used in senses so far apart from one another, that it will seem to you at first sight, almost absurd to assume possible that there can be any bond of connection between them. Now when you do thus fall in with a word employed in these two or more senses seemingly far removed from one another, accustom yourselves to seek out the bond which there certainly is between these several uses. This tracing of that which is common to and connects all its meanings, can of course only be done by getting to its heart, to the seminal meaning, from which, as from a fruitful seed, all the others unfold themselves; to the first link in the chain, from which every later one, in a direct line or a lateral, depends. And we may proceed in this investigation, certain that we shall find such, or at least that such there is to be found. For this we may start with, as being lifted above all doubt (and the non-recognition of it is *the* great fault in Johnson's Dictionary), that a word has originally but one meaning, and that all the others, however widely they may diverge from one another and seem to recede from this one, may yet be affiliated upon it, may be brought back to the one central meaning, which grasps and knits them all together; just as the races of men, black, white, and red, despite of all their present diversity and dispersion, have a central point of unity in their first parents.

Let me illustrate what I mean by two or three familiar examples. Here is the word "post;" how various are the senses in which it is employed; "post"-office; "post"-haste; a "post" standing in the ground; a military "post;" an official "post;" "to post" a ledger. Might one not at first presume it impossible to bring all these uses of "post" to a common centre? Yet, indeed, when once on the right track, nothing is easier; "post" is the Latin "positus," that which is *placed*; the piece of timber is "placed" in the ground, and so a "post;" a military station is a "post," for a man is "placed" in it, and must not quit it without orders; to travel "post," is to have certain relays of horses "placed" at intervals, so that no delay on the road may occur; the "post"-office is that which avails itself of this mode of communication; to "post" a ledger is to "place" or register its several items.

Or take the word "stock;" in what an almost infinite number of senses it is employed; we have live "stock," "stock" in trade, the village "stocks," the "stock" of a gun, the "stock" dove, the "stocks" on which ships are built, the "stock" which goes round the neck, the family "stock," the "stocks," or public funds, in which money is invested, and other "stocks," very likely, besides these. What point in common can we find between them all? This, that they are all derived from, and were originally the past participle of "to stick," which, as it now makes "stuck," made formerly "stock;" and they cohere in the idea of *fixedness*, which is common to every one. Thus, the "stock" of a gun is that in which the barrel is fixed; the village "stocks," are those in which the feet are fastened; the "stock" in trade, is the fixed capital; and so, too, the "stock" on the farm, although the fixed capital has there taken the shape of horses and cattle; in the "stocks," or public funds, money sticks fast, inasmuch as those who place it there cannot withdraw or demand the capital, but receive only the interest; the "stock" of a tree is fast set in the ground; and from this use of the word it is transferred to a family; the "stock," or "stirps," is that from which it grows, and out of which it unfolds itself. And here we may bring in the "stock"-dove, as being the "stock," or "stirps," of the domestic kinds. I might group with these, "stake," in both its spellings; a "stake" in the hedge is stuck and fixed there; the "stakes" which men wager against the issue of a race, are paid down, and thus fixed or deposited to answer the event; a beef-"steak" is a piece of meat so small that it can be stuck on the point of a fork; with much more of the same kind.

How often does the word "quick," in the creed, perplex children; and even after they have learned that "the *quick* and the dead" mean the *living* and the dead, they know it only on trust; for they fail to put this "quick" in any connection with the "quick" of their own vocabulary, the "quick" with which they bid one another to throw up the ball, or the "quick"-set hedge which runs round their father's garden, or the "quick" parts for which some unwise person has praised one of them at school: yet that all these are one and the same "quick" it is of course very easy to show. Life is the fundamental idea of the word "quick," and in this, its primary sense, it is used in the creed, "the quick and the dead:" so, too, the "quick"-set hedge is properly the *living* fence, as contrasted with those made of dead timbers. But motion, as it is at once of the essence, so it is also one of the most obvious signs of life; and thus "quick" in a secondary sense, was applied to all which was rapid or prompt in its motions, whether bodily or mental; thus a "quick" runner, a boy of "quick" parts; and so, too, "quick"-silver, and "quick" or fast shifting sands. The same sense of the connection between life and motion has given us our secondary use of the words, "animated" and "lively."

Sometimes a slightly-different spelling comes in aid of an enormous divergence of meaning, to disguise the fact of two words having originally rested on one and the same etymology, and really being so closely related to one another, that we may say, in fact, they are one and the same word. I would instance as a notable example of this, "canon" with a single *n*, as the "canon" of Scripture, and "cannon," or heavy artillery. Can there, it may well be asked, be any point in common between them? Can they be resolved, ultimately, into the same word? I believe they can. The word "canon," with the single *n*, which is a Greek word, means properly "rule;" first, the measuring rule or line of the carpenter; and then, figuratively, any measure or rule by which we try other things; and in its crowning use, the Holy Scriptures, as being *regulatives* of life and doctrine in the church. But the carpenter's rule was commonly a reed (canna), that being selected on account of its straightness; you may remember in Scripture mention once or twice being made of the measuring "reed" (Rev. xxi., 15, 16); and from this reed or "canna," the rule or line (the "canon") had its name, or at any rate the words are most closely allied. A reed, however, as we all know, besides being *straight*, is also *hollow*, and thus it came to pass when the hollow engines of war, our modern artillery, were invented, and were feeling about for their appropriate name, none was nearer at hand than this which the reed supplied, and they were called "cannon," too.*

When it is thus said that we can always reduce the different meanings in which a word is employed, to some one point, from which they all immediately or mediately proceed, that no word has primarily more than one meaning, it must be remembered that it is quite possible there may be two words pronounced and even spelled exactly alike, which yet are wholly different in their derivation and primary usage; and that of course between these no bond of union on the score of this identity is to be sought; neither does this fact in the least invalidate the assertion. We have, in such cases, as Cobbett has expressed it well, the same combination of letters, but not the same word. Thus we have "page," one side of a leaf, from "pagina," and "page," a youthful attendant, from quite another word; "league," a treaty, from "ligare," to bind, and "league," a measure of distance, thought to be a word of Gallic origin; we have "host," an army, from "hostis," and "host," in the Roman Catholic sacrifice of the mass, from "hostia;" so, too, "stories," which we tell, and "stories" or "stayeries" of a house, which we mount; "Mosaic," as the "Mosaic" law, derived from the name of the great law-giver of Israel, "Mosaic," as "Mosaic work," which is "opus *musivum*;" with other words, such as "date," "mint," "ounce," "dole," "ball," "plain," not a few. In all these the identity is merely on the surface, and it would of course be lost labor to seek for a point of contact between meanings which have not any closer connection really than apparently with one another.

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* In confirmation of this view of the derivation of "cannon," and in proof that it lay very near to the imagination of men to liken them to reeds, we have the application of "Rohr" in German, which, at first signifying a cane or reed, has in like manner been applied to the barrel of a gun.

FERN LEAVES.

BY FANNY FERN.

FANNY'S BOUQUET.

Oh! what a dreadful thing it is to be a *woman*, to be sure, on such a day as yesterday; to feel *Webster-ish* to the ends of your little fingers; to feel the spirit moving you to give one good, hearty, whole-souled shout for "the god-like," and have to sit still, and simper, and wave a little fluttering rag of a pocket handkerchief!! O-o-h! Then—to go to Gibbons and select his very best bouquet; to attach a card with a few cabalistic words; to *borrow* you neighbor's *prettiest* child, to put her slily out the door, (hiding carriage, and receive a kiss from the Great Rejected (which *you* steal from her lips, *red-hot*, five minutes after!) to see *your* bouquet in close juxtaposition, with the *face* that should be Daguerreotyped on the heart of every American; and *then*—when he leaves his flower-crowned carriage to *speechify*, to see the person who has charge of it, after growing *facetious* over a bottle of wine that he slily draws from under the cushions, take *your* bouquet and present it to a *black woman* who was passing! *ten to one she was a sable Democrat!* Now there are *some* things I *can stand*. Since it *pleased* our *city fathers*, I don't mind ruining a pair of three dollar boots, every time I go out, because it *suits them* to keep the middle of the street a quagmire of mud, from one week's end to another. I feel *rather flattered* than otherwise when a *live man* condescends to take one of my pieces, and pass it off for an *editorial*. I had quite as lief have an omnibus start before I get fairly off the steps, and land me on "the Slough of Despond;" but—I will get up an "Indignation meeting" about that *Webster bouquet!* as sure as I'm a *Whig;* and swear by all the saints *never to marry a Democrat!*

FANNY TALKETH SENSE.

"There is nothing," said Sir Samuel Romilly, "by which I have more profited than by the just observations, the good opinion and the sincere and gentle encouragement of an amiable and sensible woman."

Oh, Sir Romilly! Sir Romilly! who *has* made such a fool of you? Didn't you write that within sight of the *broom handle?* or have you just received your certificate for a "straight jacket?" You've immortalized *yourself* for a donkey *forever!* However, it's a harmless error—you won't find *another endorser*. Look here! Hasn't *everything* been done to ameliorate the condition of women? and what had it all amounted to? Did you ever hear of a female author or poet? Don't the children inherit all the smartness from their *fathers?* Don't *they* have the most to do in forming their characters? Great authors *have* been said to have "talented mothers;" women *have* been *said* "to control the fate of empires;" but it must have been said by just such another, unmitigated simpleton as yourself! "Just observations of sensible women!" who believes *that* but you? No, sir—we are *perfectly sensible* that we are only a superior kind of *ourang outang*, (fond of chattering and playing tricks.) It was very *unkind* in you, that *bit of satire!* You never should "twit upon *facts*," or *women*. I heard somebody say, the other day, "that no man is a gentleman who would insult the WEAKNESS of *his species*," (that's *us!* you know!) "Never kick a dead lion." Sir Romilly! you *shouldn't laughter!* Now here's an author who *understands* a thing or two. He says:

"If you wish to be a favorite of the girls, generally, attend to their wants; that is, give them rides, candy, and raisins."

That's it! We should be just as contented as clams, with such an *infantile* millennium! but if you've any regard for your reputation, for mercy's sake don't ask "a woman's advice" about anything; you might as well ask a six weeks old kitten! "Go ahead," my dear fellow, on YOUR OWN RESPONSIBILITY; a MAN can't make a MISTAKE!! (You ought to lose your title, for being such a double distilled fool!) I hope *Barnum* will find you! I'll take a "*season ticket*."—*Olive Branch.*

☞ A correspondent of the Portland Transcript tells a story quite as large as we can swallow:

He recollects an anecdote that was told many years ago by a gentleman of Eastport, respecting a cat's fishing, that maybap you have heard. The gentleman alluded to had his shop or store over a wharf, under which the tide ebbed and flowed, and in the floor was a trap-door, used for various purposes, and through which he was accustomed to let down a line to catch a fish now and then for pussy's dinner. One day, having to attend a customer, he was surprised to see pussy go to it and touch it gently. This led him to watch her, when presently a fish caught hold, and mistress Grimalkin immediately commenced hauling in the line with one paw, securing the slack hauled in by placing the other upon it as fast as hauled in. In this way she at last secured the fish. After that, said my friend, I baited the hook and let her fish for herself, and hundreds have seen her catch her own dinner.

BENEVOLENCE AND GRATITUDE.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a raw, bleak night; the rain was falling fast, while the wind blew in violent gusts. A Portsmouth night-coach stopped at the principal inn of the town to change horses. The cold and wearied travellers alighted for a few moments to enjoy the comfort of a blazing fire, as well as to take refreshments.

"Will you give a poor fellow a night's shelter in your hay-loft?" asked a weather-beaten sailor, addressing one of the ostlers who was fastening the harness.

"No, not to such as you," answered the man; "you had better make the best of your way off, or you'll get more than you look for, if you prowl about here any longer."

"Perhaps, young man," replied the tar, "you may one day be sent adrift upon the world, without a penny to keep your head above water; and as to honesty, I know better than to take what is not my own, if I had not a shoe to my foot."

"I wouldn't trust you further than I could see you, said the ostler;" and if you don't be off I'll make you."

Poor Jack was turning away, hungry and foot-sore, when he was tapped on the shoulder by a lad who acted as stable boy.

"If you were to go down the road to the first little shop you come to," he said, "Widow Smith would, I dare say, let you sleep in her wood-house; she is a good old creature, and is always ready to help any one in distress."

"Thank you, thank you," said the sailor.

These few words caused a revulsion of feeling in the breast of the forlorn stranger; they told him that there still were hearts in which kindness flowed.

John Willis on coming ashore, had been robbed of his little all—a thing of no uncommon occurrence—and he was now compelled to beg his way to London. He deeply felt the rebuffs he frequently met with. The prevalence of imposition frequently renders it hard for those who are really in need, to get help, for their truthfulness is very frequently questioned.

Jack followed the direction given him; but he found the shop closed. He felt that it was an unseasonable hour; still the favorable account that he had received of its owner, encouraged him to tap gently at the door. His summons was answered by the worthy dame, who, having listened compassionately to his tale of suffering, bade him enter and share her frugal meal. The tar entertained his benevolent hostess with a recital of some of the shipwrecks he had witnessed, and the narrow escape he had himself had. And she piously directed his mind to the good Providence which had preserved him to the present hour, and the Saviour who had died to redeem him. The repast over, the widow placed some clean dry straw in one corner of a shed attached to her dwelling, and with a thankful heart the wearied traveller stretched himself upon it, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down.

Before continuing his journey in the morning, Jack looked in to thank the good woman for the shelter she had given him; he found, however, a warm meal awaiting him. Having partaken of it and accepted a few cents to help him on his way, he departed with a hearty benediction from his hostess.

Ten years passed, and the little incident here recorded had long escaped the memory of all save one of the parties concerned. Ten years had wrought many changes in the town and most of its inhabitants; but they had glided gently over the head of Widow Smith. The only alteration perceptible in her was, that her hair had become more silvery, and her form was now slightly bent. She still continued her labors of love; and though her means were very limited, she was looked upon as the friend and neighbor of all who were sick or in want.

One morning, a large official-looking letter was put into Mrs. Smith's hand by the postman. Its purport was to beg her attendance in London, on the following day, when the writer said she would receive gratifying intelligence, which it was wished to communicate to herself personally. Much consultation and gossipping ensued. One of her neighbors thought it a hoax, to play the old lady a trick; another said it would be highly imprudent for a woman of her years to take such a journey, especially to trust herself alone in such a wicked place as London; while a third was quite sure that the writer had some evil design. It did appear a formidable undertaking to one who had never strayed ten miles from her native place. The widow's credulity had often been imposed upon, yet she would believe anything but that any one would intentionally deceive or wrong her. She had great confidence, too, in the protecting providence of God, whom she served in humble dependence on His grace in Christ, and therefore felt no fear in complying with the request in the letter. Therefore, notwithstanding the ridicule of some, and the remonstrances of others, the good dame started by the first coach which passed through on the morrow, and reached London in time to meet the appointment.

The address given her was at an inn, and on arriving there she was immediately ushered into a private apartment, where two respectable looking men were awaiting to receive her. The widow's surprise was increased when one of them accosted her with the familiar phrase,

"How do you do, mother? Don't you remember me, my worthy?" added he, in answer to her half-frightened inquiring glance. "I am Jack Willis, the sailor you housed and fed ten years ago, when he had neither money nor friends. I am now Captain of a merchantman; and this gentleman," turning to his companion, "will, in my name, do the needful to settle an annuity of fifty pounds upon you, as a proof of my gratitude for your kindness, and especially for your good advice, which I hope, by God's mercy, led me to think of Christ, and to trust in Him for salvation."

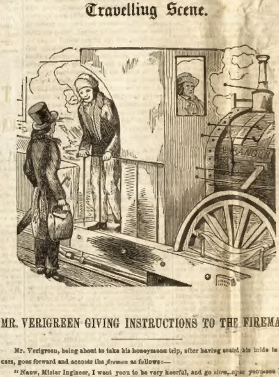
The widow, unable to give utterance to the emotions of her swelling heart, burst into tears.

Widow Smith returned to her cottage home, thankful to God for His blessing on her humble efforts to benefit a human creature in body and soul, and for his bountiful care for her, and delighted that she had now increased means of usefulness; and never after did she listen to a tale of suffering without thinking of poor Jack Willis.

A BROKEN HEART.—The interesting case of a literary *broken heart* we subjoin, was related by Mr. K. J. Mitchel, of Jefferson College, Philadelphia, while lecturing upon the diseases of the heart. It will be seen that the expression "broken-hearted" is not merely figurative.

"In the early part of his medical career, Dr. M. accompanied, as surgeon, a packet that sailed between Liverpool and one of our Southern ports. On the return voyage, soon after leaving Liverpool, while the doctor and the captain of the vessel, a weather-beaten son of Neptune, but possessed of uncommonly fine feelings and strong impulses, were conversing in the latter's state-room, the captain opened a large chest, and carefully took out a number of articles of various descriptions, which he arranged upon the table. Dr. M., surprised at the display of costly jewels, ornaments, dresses, and all the varied paraphernalia of which ladies are naturally fond, inquired of the captain his object in having made so many valuable purchases. The sailor, in reply, said that for seven or eight years he had been devotedly attached to a lady, to whom he had several times made proposals of marriage, but was so often rejected; that her refusal to wed him, however, had only stimulated his love to a greater exertion; and that, finally upon renewing his offer, declaring in the ardency of his passion, that without her society life was not worth living for, she consented to become his bride upon his return from his next voyage. He was so overjoyed at the prospect of a marriage, from which, in the warmth of his feelings, he probably anticipated more happiness than is usually allotted to mortals, that he spent all his ready money, while in London, for bridal gifts. After gazing at them fondly for some time, and remarking on them in turn, 'I think this will please Annie,' and 'I am sure she will like that,' he replaced them with the utmost care. This ceremony he repeated every day during the voyage—and the doctor often observed a tear glistening in his eye, as he spoke of the pleasure he would have in presenting them to his affianced bride. On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible, to hasten to his love. As soon as he was about to step into the carriage awaiting him, he was called aside by two gentlemen who desired to make a communication, the purport of which was that the lady had proved unfaithful to the trust reposed in her, and had married another, with whom she had decamped shortly before. Instantly the captain was observed to clap his hand to his breast, and fall heavily to the ground. He was taken up, and conveyed to his room on the vessel. Dr. M. was immediately summoned; but before he reached the poor captain, he was dead. A post-mortem examination revealed the cause of his unfortunate disease. His heart was found literally torn in twain! The tremendous propulsion of the blood, consequent upon such a violent nervous shock, forced the powerful muscular tissues asunder, and life was at an end. The heart was BROKEN."

Travelling Scene.



MR. VERIGREEN GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO THE FIREMAN.

Mr. Verigreen, being about to take his honeymoon trip, after having seated his bride in the cars, goes forward and accosts the *fireman* as follows:—

"Naow, Mister Ingineer, I want yeou to be very keerful, and go slow, case yeou see I've just been married, and my wife and I are goin' on in this 'ere train."

Wit and Humor.

CURIOUS DECEPTION.

A gentleman from Paris writes the following: I saw through one of the windows of the Mayor's Office, in the twelfth arrondissement, what seemed to be the body of a negro hanging by the neck. At the first glance, and even at the second, I took it for a human being, whom disappointed love, or perhaps an expeditious Judge, had disposed of so suddenly; but I soon ascertained that the ebony gentleman in question was only a large doll, as large as life.—What to think of this I did not know, so I asked the door-keeper the meaning of it.

"This is the Contraband Museum," was the answer; and on my showing a curiosity to examine it, he was kind enough to act as my cicerone.

In a huge dirty room are scattered over the floor, on the walls, and along the ceiling, all the inventions of roguery which had been confiscated from time to time, by those guardians of the law, the revenue officers.

It is a complete arsenal of the weapons of smuggling; all, unfortunately in complete confusion.

Look before you; there is a hogshead dressed up as a nurse, with a child that holds two quarts and a half. On the other side are logs hollow as the Trojan horse, and filled with armies of segars. On the floor lies a huge boa constrictor, gorged with China silks; and just beyond it a pile of coal curiously perforated with spools of cotton.

The colored gentleman who excited my sympathy at first, met with his fate under the following circumstances: He was built of tin, painted black, and stood like a hayduck or Ethiopian chasseur on the foot-board of a carriage, fastened by his feet and hands. He had frequently passed through the gates, and was well known by sight to the soldiers, who noticed that he was always showing his teeth—which they supposed to be the custom of his country.

One day the carriage he belonged to was stopped by a crowd at the gate. There was, as usual, a grand chorus of yells and oaths, the vocal part being performed by the drivers and cartmen, and the instrumental by their whips.

The negro, however, never spoke a single word. His good behaviour delighted the soldiers, who held him up as an example to the crowd. "Look at the black fellow!" they cried; "see how well he behaves! Brave, nigger! Bravo!"

He showed a perfect indifference to their applause.

"My friend," said a clerk at the barrier, jumping up on the foot-board, and slapping our sable friend on the shoulder, "we are really very much obliged to you."

Oh, surprise! The shoulder rattled! The officer was bewildered; he sounded the footman all over, and found he was made of metal, and as full as his skin would hold of the very best contraband liquor, drawn out of his foot!

The juicy mortal was seized at once, and carried off in triumph.

The first night the revenue people drank up one of his shoulders, and he was soon bled to death. It is now six years since he lost all the moisture of his system, and was reduced to a dry skeleton.

LOCOMOTIVE IN THE HOLY LAND.

They are building a railroad in Egypt; and late accounts from Alexandria tell us, that nine or ten thousand workmen are actively engaged upon it. Think of that! Crossing the desert after a locomotive! Good-bye to camels and dromedaries! Farewell to tents beneath the spacious blue firmament over head! A "long farewell" to Arab guides and Arab extortions! Railroads and steamboats will yet thread through Palestine, and paddle the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea! Now look for trade in "pots and pearls," made from the "ash-apples" on "the Dead Sea's shore." Sing the following, on the twenty-sixth page, "irregular metre." Air: Go ahead!

Over the billows and over the brine,
Over the water to Palestine!
Am I awake or do I dream?
Over the ocean to Syria by steam!
My say is sooth, by this right hand:
A steamer brave
Is on the wave,
Bound positively for the Holy Land!
Godfrey of Boulogne and thou,
Richard, Lion-Hearted King,
Candidly inform us, now,
Did you ever?
No, you never
Could have fancied such a thing!
Never such vociferations
Entered your imaginations,
As the ensuing:
—"Ease her! stop her!"
"Any gentleman for Joppa?"
"'Mascus! 'Mascus!'" "Ticket, please, sir."
"Tyre or Sidon?" "Stop her! ease her!"
"Jerusalem, 'lem, 'lem!" "Shur! Shur!"
"Do you go on to Egypt, sir?"
"Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?"
"Now, look alive, there! Who's for Cairo?"
"Back her! stand clear! I say, old file,
What gent or lady's for the Nile?
Or Pyramids?" "Thebes, Thebes, sir, steady!"
"Now where's that party for Engeddi?"
Pilgrims, Holy Red Cross Knights,
Had you e'er the least idea,
Even in your wildest flights,
Of a steam trip to Judea?
What next marvel Time will show,
It is difficult to say;
"Omnibus to Jericho,
Only sixpence all the way!"
Cabs in Jerusalem may ply,
'Tis not an unlikely tale;
And from Dan the tourist hie
Unto Beersheba by rail!

☞ Meddling with others sometimes brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the elders of a church made "bad worse." A young fellow entered the church and took his seat with his hat on. An elder noticing it, stepped up and requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he came to the young man a second time, and seeing he still hesitated, the elder gently lifted it off, when to his (the elder's) chagrin, out rolled a *quart of shell-barks* on the floor, making more noise than was consistent with the rules of the church.

"Man," quietly responded the youngster, composedly, "see what you have done."

Ye who would marry by the scales,
In this the heart, in that the gold,
Remember when the wife is bought,
As surely is the husband "sold!"

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.—Teacher—Suppose I was to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would there be left?

John—Three, sir.

Teacher—No, two would be left, you ignoramus.

John—No, there wouldn't; the three birds would be left, and the other two would be fled away.

HEINZ VON STEIN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Out rode from the wild, dark forest,
The terrible Heinz von Stein;
He paused at the door of a tavern,
And gazed at the swinging sign.

He sat himself down in a corner,
And growled for a bottle of wine;
Up came, with a flask and a corkscrew,
A maiden of beauty divine.

Then he sighed, with a deep love-longing,
And said, "Oh, damsel mine,
Suppose you just give a few kisses
To the valorous Ritter von Stein."

And she answered, "The kissing business
Is entirely out of my line;
And I certainly will not begin it
On a countenance ugly as thine!"

Oh, then the bold knight was angry,
And cursed both course and fine;
And asked her how much was the swindle
For her sour and nasty wine.

And fiercely he rode to his castle,
And sat himself down to dine;
And this is the dreadful legend
Of the terrible Heinz von Stein!

BOB AND HIS POINTERS.—Bob was a singular sort of genius, but not half so singular as his two pointers; they were canines of singular habits, singular in their looks, and both of them were as contrary as their master was cross. If one took after a rabbit, the other wouldn't budge an inch. If one found a bone, the other would snarl and snap until the bone had disappeared.

One of the aforesaid pointers had been presented with the name of "Nick," and was considered by his master to be "the biggest fool ov a dog I ever seed."

One morning the dog started a fox, and away they went, fox, dog and Bob—the two former in a very short space of time leaving Bob in the lurch, clear out of sight. Bob, however, followed on, and presently came to a wood-chopper, whom he immediately questioned.

"Hav you seed a fox go by here?"

"Wal, yes."

"Hev you seed a dog go by here?"

"Wal, yes—they wos runnin' like blazes."

"How wos they?"

"Wal, about nip and tuck—*dog a little ahead!*"

Bob sloped, and gave the [illegible] up as a hard one.

☞ A poet carried some [illegible] to a critic, and desired his opinion of their merits. After reading them, the critic observed: "My dear sir, those lines need fire." And he threw them into the grate.

Extracts from Books

THE GOLDEN CROSS OF KOROSFO.

Korosfo had grown the richest village in the county of Saros. The gold and silver mines of the neighborhood yielded such splendid revenues, that every inhabitant of the village possessed a polished chest. Eight oxen, and four horses, stood in every stable. The sheep-skin of the peasant was fastened with golden hooks. The buttons of his blue jacket were of the purest silver. Golden spurs clanked on his boots. The large linen sleeves of the youngsters were trimmed with precious laces. The maidens adorned themselves with silver wreaths. The women wore golden caps. Silver spoons and plates glistened on the shelves of their kitchens: they drank their imperial Tokay in golden cups. The blessing of Heaven thus richly manifested itself upon the peasants of Korosfo. But they likewise proved deserving; for the treasures they won on the sweat of their brows were employed to the benefit of their brethren. No beggar was seen in the whole neighborhood. Whoever wanted work, got profitable labor; and whoever proved unequal to it, was placed in the hospital and was nursed with provident care.

Raising a worthy monument of their thanksgiving to the Dispenser of all bounties, they erected a large stone church, and on its steeple they placed a globe of beaten gold, so large that a quarter of wheat would hardly have filled it; and upon the globe they fixed a cross of massive gold, two fathoms high. One duty, however, had escaped their attention—regard for the education of their children. It is true that they got them the most costly teachers of languages and philosophy, of dancing and music. The boys and girls knew every plant, from the cedar to the hyssop, but they were not taught *to work*. The generation which had explored the lucrative mines died away, and their descendants had only learnt to enjoy, not to earn. They grew luxurious and selfish: loud songs and merry fiddles deafened the ear to every other interest; feasting went on from morning to night. Beggars hovered round the houses of the wealthy, desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. But it was not a tender care for less fortunate brethren that conceded this help to the poor; it was the selfish motive "to get rid of the beggar," which granted momentary support, and neglected the supply of lasting wants. The number of claims increased daily, and many a pang of widowed hearts remained unsoothed, whilst parasites thronged at the hospitable tables of the rich peasants of Korosfo, who, no longer satisfied with the pork and beef, the veal and poultry of their own yards and with wheaten bread and wine grown in their fields, purchased delicacies fetched from the towns. One family vied with another. Every one found willing flatterers, who occasioned disputes and hatred.

As none of the inhabitants worked during the week, none of them felt the blessing of Sunday's repose, which leads to a grateful attendance on divine service. The church soon remained deserted, and nobody listened to the earnest sermons of the old clergyman; and when he died, the peasants resolved to elect no more preachers, but to turn the empty church into a dancing-hall, which they found indispensable, as their rooms were not spacious enough for their entertainments.

The next Friday was fixed upon for a brilliant ball, by which the sacred building was to be inaugurated for its new service. It struck no one that the appointed day was Good Friday: Christian holidays had long escaped minds occupied with worldly concerns alone. Men and women, boys and girls all met in their most costly apparel in the church, which was now the new dancing-hall. Instead of the solemnly touching sounds of the organ, the wild strains of the fiddling gipsy-band were to be heard. Unruly crowds whirled through the nave, giddy pairs whirled around, peals of laughter were heard, and the dinner-bell was calling to abundant feasts. But a tremendous thunder-clap suddenly interrupted the enjoyment; it grew dark; the earth burst asunder, and swallowed up the corrupt village with all its graceless inhabitants.—*Pulzky's Tales of Hungary.*

LONDON SWEEPS.

The following extracts from Mayhew's "London Labor and the London Poor," exhibit the sort of slavery existing in England, as part of the great social system of forced toil:

KIDNAPPING.—A child, in 1804, was forced up a chimney at Bridlington, in Yorkshire, by a big boy, the younger boy being apparently but four years old. He fell and bruised his legs terribly against the grate. The Misses Aukland, of Boynton, who had heard of the child, and went to see him, became interested by his manners, and they took him home with them; the chimney-sweeper, who, perhaps, got alarmed, being glad to part with him. "Soon after he got to Boynton, the seat of Sir George Strickland, a plate with a something to eat was brought him; on seeing a silver fork he was quite delighted, and said, 'Papa had such forks as those.' He also said the carpet in the drawing-room was like papa's; the housekeeper showed him a silver watch; he asked what sort it was;—'Papa's was a gold watch;' he then pressed the handle, and said, 'Papa's watch rings, why does not yours?' Sir George Strickland, on being told this circumstance, showed him a gold repeater; the little boy pressed the spring, and when it struck, he jumped about the room, saying, 'Papa's watch rings so.' At night, when he was going to bed, he said he could not go to bed until he had said his prayers; he then repeated the Lord's Prayer almost perfectly. The account he gave of himself was, that he was gathering flowers in his mamma's garden, and that the woman who sold him to the sweeper, came in and asked him if he liked riding? He said, 'Yes,' and she told him he should ride with her. She put him on a horse, after which they got into a vessel, and the sails were put up, 'and away we went.'—He had no recollection of his name, or where he lived, and was too young to think his father could have any other name than that of papa. He started whenever he heard a servant in the family at Boynton called George, and looked as if he expected to see somebody he knew; on inquiry, he said he had an uncle George, whom he loved dearly. He says his mamma is dead, and it is thought his father may be abroad. From many things he says, he seems to have lived chiefly with an uncle and aunt, whom he invariably says were called Mr. and Mrs. Flembrough. From various circumstances, it is thought impossible he should be the child of the woman who sold him, his manners being 'very civilized,' quite those of a child well educated; his dialect is good, and that of the South of England. This little boy, when first discovered, was conjectured to be about four years old, and is described at having beautiful black eyes and eyelashes, a high nose, and a delicate soft skin."

A poor woman had been obliged by sickness to go into an hospital, and while she was there, her child was stolen from her house, taken into Staffordshire, and there apprenticed to a chimney-sweeper. By some happy circumstance, she learned his fate; she followed him, and succeeded in rescuing him from his forlorn situation. Another child, who was an orphan, was tricked into following the same wretched employment by a chimney-sweeper, who gave him a shilling, and made him believe that by receiving it, he became his apprentice; the poor boy, either discovering or suspecting that he had been deceived, anxiously endeavored to speak to a magistrate, who happened to come to the house in which he was sweeping chimneys, but his master watched him so closely that he could not succeed. He at last contrived to tell his story to a blind soldier, who determined to right the poor boy, and by *great exertions*, succeeded in procuring him his liberty.

SALE OF CHILDREN.—Respecting the sale of children to be apprenticed to sweepers, Mr. Tooke was able to state that, although in 1816, the practice had very much diminished of late, parents, in many instances, still *sold their children, for three, four, or five guineas*. This sum was generally paid under the guise of an apprentice fee, but it was known to be, and was called a "sale," for the parents, real or nominal, never interfered with the master subsequently, but left the infant to its fate.

CRUELTIES TO SWEEPS.—A lad was ordered to sweep a chimney at Wandsworth; he came down after endeavoring to ascend, and this occurred several times before he gave up the point; at last the journeyman took some straw or hay, and lighted [illegible] him, to drive him up; and when he endeavored to get on the last time, he found there was a bar across the chimney, which he could not pass; he was obliged, in consequence, to come down, and the journeyman beat him so cruelly, to use his own expression, that he could not stand for a fortnight.

In the whole of Norwich I could find only nine climbing boys, two of whom I questioned on many particulars; one was with respect to the manner in which they are taught to climb; they both agreed in that particular, that a larger boy was sent up behind them to prick their feet if they did not climb properly. I purposely avoided mentioning about pricking them with pins, but asked them how they did it; they said that they thrust the pins into the soles of their feet. A third instance occurred at Walthamstow; a man told me that some he knew had been taught in the same way; I believe it to be common, but I cannot state any more instances from authority.

HONORARY TITLES.

The following old-time reminiscence is from Buckingham's work on Newspaper Literature:

Soon after the Constitution went into operation, a newspaper discussion sprung up on the question whether any, and if any, what titles should be given to the President, Vice President, Members of Congress, and Cabinet Ministers. The Centinel made a hard push for high-sounding titles—the Chronicle and Boston Gazette fought as boldly against them. A correspondent of the Centinel proposed that the President should be addressed as "His Majesty the President of the United States," and in this proposition Russell yielded his cordial assent. He also proposed that the address of the Vice President should be "His Excellency;"—that of a Senator "Most Honorable;"—and that of a Representative "Honorable." In accordance with this scale of dignity, these different degrees of honor were sometimes used, but the practice was not ratified by the public sentiment. The Centinel, on some occasions, would say—"Yesterday the Most Honorable ——, Esq., set out on his journey to N. York," "The Honorable ——, Esq., yesterday took his seat in the House of Representatives," &c. Whatever title was placed before a name, Russell always put "Esq." at the end of it; and this was his uniform practice. No man, who had ever been a member of the Senate of Massachusetts, was spoken of in the Centinel, while Russell was its editor, without these additions to his name.

For Housekeepers.

INDIAN LOAF CAKE.—One pound of Indian meal, a quarter of a pound of butter, two eggs, half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of raisins, a quarter of a pound of currants. Cut up the butter in the Indian meal, pour over it as much boiling milk as will make a thick batter. Beat the eggs very light; when the batter is cool, pour them into it. Seed the raisins, wash, pick and dry the currants, mix them with the raisins, and dredge as much wheat flour on them as will adhere to them. Stir the fruit into the batter, and add the sugar. Bake it in a moderate oven two hours.

ALMOND CAKE.—Ten eggs, one pound of sugar, half a pound of flour, one wine-glass of rose-water, one ounce of bitter almonds. Beat the eggs, the yolks and whites separate, when the yolks are very light, add the sugar and the almonds, which must have been blanched and pounded with the rose-water. Beat the whole well. Whisk the whites to a dry froth, and stir in one-half the white with one-half the flour till it is thoroughly mixed, then add the other half of the white and flour. Do not beat it after the white is in, as that will make it tough and heavy.

GINGER CUP CAKE.—Two cups of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of cream, three eggs, one table-spoonful of dissolved saleratus, four heaping cups of flour, half a-cup of ginger. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream. Whisk the eggs light and add them, then stir in the other ingredients. Butter a pan or earthen mould, and pour in the mixture; bake in a moderate oven. Or it may be baked in queen-cake pans.—*National Cook Book.*

☞ The following anecdote is vouched for by the friend who furnished it to us. On the night of the fire at the Hampden House, one of the gallant firemen was ascending the stairs, when he chanced to meet a colored lady, who politely requested him to convey her to a place of safety. "Convey yourself," was the laconic reply, he supposing her to be one of the waiters belonging to the house. "I am the Black Swan," replied the lady. "Then you had better hurry along, or you will get your feathers scorched."—*Springfield Post.*

WIT.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAILEY.

In her bower a widow dwelt,
At her feet three lovers knelt;
Each adored the widow much,
Each essayed her heart to touch;
One had *wit*, and one had *gold*,
One was cast in *beauty's* mould;
Guess which was it won the prize—
Tongue, or purse, or handsome eyes?

First began the handsome man,
Peeping proudly o'er her fan;
Red his lips, and white his skin—
Could such beauty fail to win?
Then stepped forth the man of gold;
Cash he counted, coin he told;
Wealth the burden of the tale—
Could such golden projects fail?

Then the man of *wit* and sense
Wooed her with his eloquence;
Now she heard him with a sigh,
Then she blushed, scarce knowing why;
Then she smiled to hear him speak,
Then a tear was on her cheek;
Beauty, vanish—gold, depart!
Wit hath won the woman's heart.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.—The following is an extract from "Statistics of Christianity in the United States," by Rev. Mr. Beard, published in London, in pamphlet form, not long since:

The Methodist Churches.—At the date of its organization, 1784, the body had 83 ministers, and 14,988 members. In the year 1800, it had 40,000 members. Its subsequent increase has been immense. It now spreads over all the country, and its "conferences," "districts," and "circuits," cover the whole land. Its itinerating system is admirably adapted to the extent and wants of so vast and so new a field. In the year 1844, a division took place in this body, occasioned by the subject of slavery. In the year 1850, the Northern Branch, called the "Methodist Episcopal Church," had 4,004 ministers in its regular service, and 666,319 members. The "Methodist Episcopal Church South" had 1,642 ministers, and 504,520 members; making in all, 5,646 regular ministers, or those on the circuit, besides a large number of local ministers, and 1,170,839 members. There are several small Methodist bodies. 1. In the year 1828, there was a secession from the Methodist Episcopal Church, on account mainly of the exclusion of the lay representatives from the annual and general conferences; and the Protestant Methodist Church was organised. This body had, in 1850, a General Conference, 23 annual conferences, 1,200 travelling and local preachers, and 62,000 communicants. 2. There is what is called the Wesleyan Methodist Church, which was another secession, on the ground of slavery and episcopacy, in the year 1842. It has several conferences, and 20,000 members. 3. There are some Primitive Methodists in America, but their society are neither large nor numerous. 4. There is a small Christian body of colored people, called the African Methodist Church, which has about 20 circuits, 30 preachers, and nearly 5,000 members. And 5. There are some 20 congregations of Welch Calvinistic Methodists. By combining all the churches above mentioned, it will be found that there are quite 6,000 regular preachers, at least 8,000 local preachers, and more than a million and a quarter of members! There is reason to believe that the membership of this communion has increased much more than six times as fast as the population of the country has done since the year 1784!

GENERAL HAYNAU.—Mr. Locke, of the Savannah Republican, in one of his recent letters from Europe, says: "We had as a cure guest at Graefenburg, during the two or three months of last Winter, a celebrity—no less a person than General Haynau, whose long mustaches called to mind Perkins & Barclay's brewery. He may be now sixty years of age. His step is feeble, his beard and moustache white, and his mouth had constantly a mumbling kind of nervous action. He came to Graefenburg with dropsy in his feet, and went away cured—or apparently so. He is a man of iron nerves—cruel and relentless, and to the credit of the Austrian officers, it should be said, generally detested. He is, by birth, an illegitimate son of Hesse Cassel. Notwithstanding the cruelties he perpetrated in Hungary, he has bought an estate there for 100,000 florins, and if I am correctly informed, he is not disliked by his tenantry. After his campaigns in Italy and Hungary he received 400,000 florins, (some say 600,000,) from the Austrian Government, [illegible] ever, declined conferring upon him the title of Field Marshal. The unhappy town of Brescia in Italy, will bear enduring traces of his cruelty in the life of [illegible] ferocity. * * * Really, pretty strong [illegible] a man as Haynau presents a [illegible] argument in favor of a very tangible [illegible] in the world to come. The old [illegible] though. He [illegible] took thirty cold wet sheets a day, [illegible] no fire in his room in December. His body servant says he only paid him one florin a week. The cure guests generally pay 1½ florins a week for not one-fifth part the attention which he received."

For the Young.

ABSORPTION.

Q. Why is *broth cooled* by *blowing* it?

A. Because the breath causes a rapid *change of air* to pass over the broth; and (as the air is colder than the broth) it continually *absorbs heat* from it, and makes it cooler and cooler.

Q. Would not the air absorb heat from the broth just as well *without blowing?*

A. No; *air is a very bad conductor;* unless, therefore, the *change be rapid*, the air nearest the surface of the broth *would soon become as hot as the broth itself.*

Q. Would not hot air *part* with its heat instantly to the *circumjacent* air?

A. No; not instantly. Air is so bad a conductor, that it parts with its heat *very slowly;* unless, therefore, the air be kept in *continual motion*, it would *cool the broth very slowly indeed.*

Q. Why does *wind* generally feel *cool?*

A. Because it drives the air more rapidly over our body; and this rapid *change* of air draws off a large quantity of heat.

Q. Why does *air absorb* heat more *quickly* by being set in *motion?*

A. Because every fresh gust of air *absorbs a fresh portion of heat;* and the more rapid the *succession of gusts*, the greater will be the quantity of heat absorbed.

Q. If the *air* were *hotter* than our body, would the *wind* feel *cool?*

A. No; the air would feel *insufferably hot*, if it were *hotter than our body.*

Q. Why would the *air* feel *intensely hot*, if it were *warmer* than our *body?*

A. Because it would *add* to the heat of our body, instead of *diminishing* it.

Q. Is the *air ever* as *hot* as the human *body?*

A. In some climates it is, and when that is the case, the heat is almost insupportable.

Q. Why does a *kettle* boil faster, when the bottom and sides are *covered with soot?*

A. Because the *black soot absorbs heat* very quickly from the fire, and the metal *conducts* it to the water.

Q. Why will not a *new kettle* boil so fast as an *old* one?

A. Because the *bottom* and *sides* of a new kettle are *clean* and *bright;* but in an *old* kettle they are *covered with soot*, or blackened by the fire.

Q. Why do we wear *white linen* and a *black* outer *dress*, if we want to be *warm?*

A. Because the *black outer dress* quickly *absorbs heat* from the sun; and, the *white linen* (being a *bad* absorbent) abstracts no heat from the warm body.

Q. What *colors* are *warmest* for dresses?

A. For *outside* garments *black* is the *warmest*, and then such colors as approach nearest to black, (as dark blue and green.) *White is the coldest color* for external clothing.

Q. Why are *dark colors* (for external wear) so much *warmer* than *light ones?*

A. Because *dark colors absorb heat* from the sun more abundantly than *light* ones?

Q. How can you prove that *dark* colors are *warmer* than *light* ones?

A. If a piece of *black* and a piece of *white* cloth were laid upon snow, in a few hours the *black cloth will have melted the snow beneath;* whereas, the *white* cloth will have produced little or *no effect upon it at all.*

N. B. The *darker* any color is, the *warmer* it is, because it is a better absorbent of heat. The order may be thus arranged:—1, Black (warmest of all)—2, Violet—3, Indigo—4, Blue—5, Green—6, Red—7, Yellow; and 8, white (coldest of all.)

Q. Why are *black kid gloves* unpleasantly *hot* for summer wear?

A. 1st.—Because *black absorbs the solar heat;* and

2nd.—*Kid* will not allow the heat of our hand to *escape readily through the glove.*

Q. Why are *Lisle thread gloves* agreeably *cool* for summer wear?

A. 1st.—Because thread *absorbs perspiration;* and

2nd.—It *conducts away the* heat of our hot hands.

Q. Are Lisle thread gloves *absorbents* of heat?

A. No; Lisle thread gloves are generally of a *gray or lilac color;* and, therefore, do *not absorb solar heat.*—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

Agricultural.

THE PROFITS OF AGRICULTURE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From statements exhibited in the transactions of the Hampden Agricultural Society for 1851, we learn that the aggregate profit on 21 acres 50 rods of wheat, was $516 11, or a fraction less than $25 an acre. This is truly a fine exhibit for New England farming. Let us compare it with farming in Illinois.

The cost of producing a bushel of corn in Illinois does not exceed on an average, from 12 to 14 cents; and when pork is worth there 3 cents a pound, corn is worth 28 cents per bushel, as will be learned from the following facts. In feeding hogs that are grown, and in pens or inclosures, 5 to 5 36-100 lbs. of corn will produce 1 pound of pork; and in raising the stock together with the fattening, including their Summer-picking, 600 pounds of corn, or 10 7-10 bushels, are consumed in the production of 100 pounds of pork. Thus 10 7-10 bushels of corn at 28 cents, amounts to $3, the average value of 100 lbs. of pork.

Then if we assume that land in Massachusetts which will produce $25 nett per acre per annum to be worth $150 per acre, we have 100 acres costing $15,000; and earning, at $25 per acre, $2,500, which is 16⅔ per cent.

For Illinois, we assume that 100 acres of land, with improvements, is worth $1,000, and will produce 60 bushels of corn, worth, as above, 14 cents per bushel nett, or $840 gain on $1,000 worth property, which is equal to 84 per cent. per annum. So that, although Massachusetts can show a profit on farming of 16⅔ per cent., Illinois can boast her five fold.

Lebanon, Pa. S. G.

"HASTE MAKES WASTE."

We always feel like preaching a sermon from this text—when we perambulate the market in search of butter. In all the stalls devoted to the sale of this necessary of New England life, it is very seldom that a really good article can be found—but there is every variety of poor butter in abundance. Now and then a firkin may be found put up in rather tolerable shape, such as would almost pass current with those who know what good butter is, but it is an exception to the general rule. On the other hand, there are hundreds of tons of butter sold every year in our market at half the price it would bring, were a little labor bestowed upon it by housewives in the country. In no article do our farmers so greatly mistake their true interests as in sending poor butter to market. We tasted a lot yesterday which was offered at ten cents a pound, because it was rancid—but which would have brought double that price readily, had it been properly cared for when it was made. The process of making butter is simple and easy—and the only difference between good and bad butter, in nine cases out of ten, is just the difference in the labor bestowed in working out the buttermilk. If the butter be thoroughly worked in a cool place, it assumes something of the consistency of wax, and will keep for years without becoming rancid. Yet not one firkin in a hundred sent to market can be cut without the buttermilk following the knife.

The English dairywomen understand these things better. They never throw away one-half the rightful price of their dairy products, in order to spare their elbows. You seldom see any poor butter in English market towns. Not only is all the buttermilk excluded—but the butter receives a very rich and mellow flavor by reason of slightly scalding the milk before it is set away in pans. The process costs very little labor—and, in the warm season particularly, it greatly increases the quantity as well as quality of the cream. We hope that at no distant period the English mode will be universally adopted in this country. Whenever it is, the profits of our national industry will be greatly enhanced, and the hills and valleys of New England will be converted into almost universal dairy farms. Few branches of industry are more profitable than a dairy, when it is rightly understood.

The remark that applies to butter, applies also to two-thirds of the cheese manufactured, and one-half, at least, of the hams cured in this country. We have perambulated the whole market without being able to find a really good American cheese made in the ordinary mode, and have been compelled to purchase a rather poor imitation of English cheese, or pay a big price for a "pine-apple cheese," made very much in the shape of a wooden nutmeg. Nearly all the good cheese made in this country now, is sent abroad, and the poor remains at home, because foreigners know better than to purchase it. As to bacon, we buy it as we would a ticket in the lottery—about six fears to one hope. Most of the bacon is salted higher than ever Lot's wife was, and a great deal of the salt has "lost its savor" at that. Occasionally we get hold of a good leg of bacon, properly cured, and we thank our lucky stars for it. It costs no more to cure it properly than improperly—why don't you all do it?—*Boston Mail.*

PEACH TREES should be carefully examined about the roots at this time, and a sharp knife used to clear away all gum, grubs, and dead bark. Wash with soft soap and soot, and draw the earth up around the tree in a small hillock.

The above is from one of our exchanges, the Ohio Farmer.

We object to using a sharp knife about the roots of the peach tree. Knives do more hurt than good. Place something around the tree to exclude the borer and you save it, but cutting and hacking the bark of the tree to find the borer, is worse than scratching after a flea-bite.

Peach trees will not bear wounds on the limbs. Small twigs may be cut, such as will heal in one Summer, but larger wounds should never be made.

Wood ashes placed around the trunks in May, *annually*, will keep the borers away. It is said that herbs of various kinds offensive to the fly that deposits the borer, will answer the same purpose. Tanzy is said to be effectual when placed about the trunks. We recommend preventives in preference to cures.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

NEW PROCESS OF MAKING BUTTER.—Mr. James Stubbs, of Cuttyhunk Island, informs us of a new and simple process of making butter from the cream, which promises to supersede the labor of the churn, at least during the warm season. At his dairy recently, a quantity of cream which had obstinately refused to become butter under any reasonable or unreasonable amount of "agitation" in the usual mode, was at length emptied into a clean "salt-bag," of coarse linen, and deposited in the ground, at a depth of about twelve inches below the surface, to cool. On the following morning it was found that the buttermilk had entirely separated and disappeared, and that the butter remained in the bag perfectly nice and sweet. He has since frequently manufactured butter by this method, with invariable success, in from six to twelve hours. As an effectual preventive of any earthy taste becoming imparted to the butter, Mr. Stubbs suggests that the bag containing the cream be placed in another bag or cloth, of the same material. The value of the discovery may be easily tested.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

WEEDS.—It would be an interesting inquiry, to look into the actual losses sustained through the whole country by the growth of weeds. How many tons on an average are grown by each of the million farmers of the United States? Three—five—or ten? If the former only, the aggregate crop would be enough to load a continued-train of farm wagons three thousand miles long—or twenty thousand canal boats—or, more than ten times all the whale ships belonging to the country—with this useless herbage. A single weed—the Red Root—has been estimated to have occasioned greater loss in some counties than if every dwelling house had been consumed by fire. Is not this subject one worthy of some attention?—*Albany Cultivator.*

TIME OF CUTTING GRAIN.—As we have often stated, all grain should be cut before it becomes full or dead ripe—when the stem becomes yellow or arid four or five inches below the head, it should be cut; for from that period the grain receives no benefit, as the sap cannot circulate beyond the arid line. It may be set down as a safe rule—CUT FROM 7 TO 10 DAYS BEFORE THE GRAIN IS DEAD RIPE. If cut at this period, there will be but comparatively little loss from shattering; the grain will be more in quantity, better in quality, and make better flour, and what is not less important, save it from rust, while the *straw* will be greatly enhanced in quality as stock-provender.—*American Farmer.*

FENCES.—Personally examine the whole line of your fences, and have all necessary repairs made without delay. As the grass of the pastures become burned up, cattle are very apt to look out for weak places of the enclosures of corn-fields in search of food. So says the American Farmer.

TOMATOES.—Those who wish to hurry their tomatoes for market, may do so by proper shortening-in at this time. All must have observed that 90 per cent. of the tomatoes grow within 18 inches of the ground, and that ninety per cent. of the vine, containing only ten per cent. of the fruit, grows above this point; therefore cut it off and remove it with the small tomatoes. The vines will not bleed, and the large tomatoes left will increase in size more than equal the value of those removed, besides getting them in market while the price is sufficiently high to compensate for their culture.—*Working Farmer.*

The Olio.

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.—A young peasant one day on returning to his village from Sion, a heavy fall of snow, about the beginning of October, met him on his toilsome ascent; he reached at length a rock from which he could usually see his own chalet, but in its stead nothing appeared but a frightful mass of snow heaps, beneath which, his house, his wife, and their only child were doubtless engulphed. At first he was overwhelmed with despair and threw himself upon the rocks in a state of stupor; but presently the light of hope broke upon him—he started up and rushed to the still uninjured cottage of one of his neighbors, whose assistance he entreated; several others joined with them, and together, armed with pickaxes and spades, they set to work with the view of disengaging the devoted from the overwhelming wreck. It required both strength and resolution, and the friends worked till night with ardor. The young man was then left alone; he continued to labor without ceasing, and at daybreak his companions returned; the second day ended without result, but despair gave the husband fresh vigor, in spite of his fearful disappointment. A third day he toiled on, and at last to his unspeakable rapture, he discovered the roof of his dwelling, and through an aperture for the smoke he perceived his wife sitting by the light of the lamp watching her infant, who was being suckled by a goat. His cries of joy were soon responded to, and the story of deliverance soon told. A large rock behind the chalet had forced the avalanche which had descended to take another direction, and all beneath the roof, to the last of his flock were saved. His resolute perseverance was rewarded, and the pair became the objects of congratulation to the whole district. When one sees the position of these villages, one is not astonished at any of these histories, which, however, have seldom so fortunate an ending as this.—*Sites in the Alps, by Miss Costello.*

THE ORATOR AND THE NEWSPAPER.—Compare the Orator, one of the noblest vehicles for the diffusion of thought, with the Newspaper, and we may gain a faint glimpse of the ubiquitous power of the latter. The Orator speaks to a few hundreds; the Newspaper addresses millions. The words of the Orator may die on the air; the language of the Newspaper is stamped on tables imperishable. The arguments of the Orator may follow each other so rapidly, that the majority of the audience may struggle in a net of ratiocination; the reasonings of the Newspaper may be scanned at leisure, without a fear of perplexity. The passion of the Orator inflames an assembly; the feeling of a Newspaper electrifies a Continent. The Orator is for an edifice; the Newspaper for a world; the one shines for an hour; the other for all time. The Orator may be compared to the lightning, which flashes over a valley for a moment, but to leave it again in darkness; the Newspaper to a sun, blazing steadily over a whole earth, and "fixed on the basis of its own eternity."

Printing has been happily defined "the Art preservative of all Arts." Printing makes the Orator himself *more* than an Orator. It catches up his dying words, and breathes into them the breath of life. It is the speaking gallery through which the Orator thunders in the ears of ages. He leans from the tomb over the cradle of rising generations.—*William Wallace.*

THE HOME OF YOUNG NORVAL.—Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune says, in a recent letter, that he has seen the Grampian Hills, and felt them, too, for that matter, and lets us into the secret of his thoughts on the subject:

"I had not time, in my last, to give you the termination of my trip through Scotland in search of shepherds' and collie dogs. After reconnoitering the country in the vicinity of Aberdeen, and ascertaining that my best chance was in the neighborhood of the Cheviot Hills on the borders, I set my face Southward. As I passed along under the Grampian Hills, a sharp, searching East wind blowing the while, it struck me that Norval must have had a cold time while tending his father's flocks, and I could not blame him for giving the old gentleman the slip when the exercise of following off some warlike lord offered. I looked out upon the bleak and desolate summits of the hills in question, thought of the thin tunics and flimsy flesh-colored tights in which all the young Norvals I have ever seen have been dressed, and my teeth almost chattered as with a chill."

HEROISM.—A Jat warrior appeared on the walls of Bhurtpore during the storming of that fortress, very conspicuous for his dress and resolute demeanor. A mine, which had been previously driven, sprung under his feet as the storming party advanced. His figure was seen distinctly projected some height into the air, and again precipitated into the ditch. To the astonishment of the spectators the hero rose again, rushed up the sloop, entered the breach with the king's fourteenth regiment, cheered by the applauding soldiers, who cried out to save him by all means. But he would not be saved; he turned upon the Europeans, and fought in the midst of them until he fell. We are not aware that there is an incident in the history of war to match this. Arnold de Winkelreid made a path for his Swiss companions into the middle of the Austrian men-at-arms by making fast four or five lances in his bosom; but there was about this hero of Bhurtpore a power, as well as patriotic devotion, almost superhuman.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 15, 9, 5, 17, 20, 22, 21, 6, 10, 3, 20, was a Greek orator.
My 20, 2, 20, 10, 17, is an Italian poet.
My 18, 11, 17, 4, 26, is a city in France.
My 22, 9, 8, 16, 6, 20, is the name of a Danish prince.
My 7, 17, 22, 11, 1, 13, 12, 26, 17, 9, is a renowned poet.
My 20, 24, 21, 13, 15, 11, is an island in the Mediterranean.
My 12, 5, 25, 21, 2, 10, 17, 21, 2, 4, 11, is a water of the Eastern Hemisphere.
My 6, 19, 13, 26, 22, 1, 4, 11, an American poetess.
My 22, 17, 9, 6, 11, is a product of Mount Hybla.
My 1, 4, 21, 9, 5, is one of the Northern States.
My 21, 25, 19, 21, 17, 12, 2, 26, 5, is a delightful drink.
My 21, 17, 12, 17, 16, 11, 5, is a city on the Rhine.
My 19, 11, 4, 14, 2, is a heathen divinity.
My 4, 10, 6, 15, 2, 21, 15, 6, is a lady's name.
My 19, 4, 22, 20, 17, 11, is a fruit.
My 4, 20, 24, 8, 14, 20, is a city in Europe.
My 20, 4, 9, 26, 21, 2, 16, 17, is a city in South America.
My 20, 4, 8, 4, 14, 26, 17, 9, 24, 17, is a cape on the Pacific.
My 21, 4, 26, 2, 9, 12, 4, is the birth-place of Bellini.
My 20, 21, 17, 26, 19, 4, 14, 13, is the country of Robert Burns.
My whole is a justly renowned vocalist. MINA.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 4, 5, 13, is a wild animal.
My 2, 3, 1, 13, 12, 7, is a boy's name.
My 3, 5, 11, is used by fishermen.
My 4, 3, 1, 4, 2, 9, is a savage race of people.
My 5, 12, 6, is a species of fish.
My 6, 2, 3, 11, 12, 13, 2, is a useful article.
My 7, 2, 10, 12, is a point of the compass.
My 8, 2, 11, is what we all do.
My 9, 5, 12, 13, is a kind of liquor.
My 10, 4, 3, is what we ought never do.
My 11, 2, 3, 3, 8, 13, is a man of trade.
My 12, 8, 5, 2, is a species of wood.
My 13, 8, 4, 3, is what is often wished for by farmers.
My whole is a celebrated Statesman. W. M.
Salem, Roanoke Co., Va.

CHARADE.

Come tell me this riddle without any pother,
Five legs on one side, and three on the other,
Two eyes in my forehead, and four on my back,
One tongue that is silent, and two that can clack.

Baton Rouge, La. D. J. L.

PROBLEM.

A grazier bought as many sheep as cost him sixty pounds, and after reserving fifteen out of the number, he sold the remainder for fifty-four pounds, and gained two shillings a head on those he sold; how many did he buy? J. S.

Cape Island, N. J.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a sheet of paper like an absent church singer? Ans.—When it is away from the quire (choir.)

☞ Why ought a fisherman to be wealthy? Ans.—Because his is all net profit.

☞ Why is a drunkard like an over-loaded vessel? Ans.—He has got too much aboard.

☞ Why are credulous persons like gluttons? Ans.—They swallow everything.

☞ Why are rowdies like valuable old books? Ans.—Because they are frequently bound over.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

ENIGMA.—ALPHABET.

CHARADE.—STEAMBOAT BOILER.

PROBLEM.—31 apples.